

The Nation.

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The Week.

The election of Charles E. Hughes as Governor of New York by a majority of merely 55,000 cannot afford Republicans much ground for elation. Hearst was personally detested by tens of thousands of respectable Democrats who, like Mayor McClellan, scratched the ticket so that Hearst ran far behind his colleagues. He had secured his nomination by pandering to the lowest element in the Democratic party, and by a shameless bargain with Charles F. Murphy, whom he had denounced as a criminal. But he had not captured all the machine politicians; for he was opposed by McCarren in Brooklyn and by Croker's old guard in Manhattan. On the other hand, Charles E. Hughes had an impeccable record in character and attainments. His private and professional life had been irreproachable; he had performed distinguished public service in the legislative investigation of the gas monopoly and the insurance companies. He was brought forward as the candidate, not of the Republican bosses, but of the very best men, like Herbert Parsons, who wished to rehabilitate the party. Business conditions seemed favorable to Republican success. Wages were high, the demand for labor keen. The country was floating on a high tide of prosperity, for which the Republicans have loudly claimed credit. Under such circumstances and on the face of this contrast between a reckless demagogue and a man of ability and conscience, detached observers might suppose that Hearst would suffer an overwhelming defeat; that he would, as some sanguine opponents predicted, be buried under a landslide of 200,000 votes.

What, then, is the meaning of this comparatively narrow escape from Hearst? It means but one thing: the people of New York are tired of oppression and dishonesty in the management of our huge corporations, and tired of the corrupt alliance between corporations and machine politicians. This was the issue which Hearst has been urging for years. This is the issue on which he has secured such a formidable following. Indeed, the result proves that had not Hughes himself won such repute as a scourge of thieving insurance officials, his candidacy would have been hopeless. Had the nerveless Higgins been renominated, he would have hardly been in the race at all; but thousands of conservative men, who are eager for the purification of our public life, turned to Hughes as the man who is more like-

ly than Hearst to help us in this time of need. For his agitation against corporation abuses Hearst could have had abundant material without resorting to exaggeration and misstatement. The cases of the insurance companies, of the Standard Oil Company and its rebates, as exposed by Government investigators, of the rebates to the Sugar Trust, for which the New York Central has been convicted, the stock-jobbing and stock-watering by public utility corporations in New York, Brooklyn, and other cities of this State, the extortions of the anthracite monopoly and the Ice Trust, and the control of political machines by these combinations of capital—all these modern instances have strengthened the popular conviction that plain people are not being dealt with fairly. Hearst promised redress; and to Hearst people turned, not because he was an ideal candidate, but because he seemed to be the weapon at hand.

The warning is unmistakable. If Mr. Hughes fails to do his utmost to check abuses and redress grievances, if in this effort he is thwarted by the hirelings of the machine, Hearst or one of his kind will surely have his innings. The corporations have rights which must be respected as scrupulously as those of the individual; but our common carriers cannot be allowed to use their immensely valuable franchises from the public as instruments of discrimination; our traction and lighting companies are not licensed to loot our cities; our anti-monopoly laws must not be violated with impunity. Such men as John D. Rockefeller and Henry H. Rogers of the Standard Oil; Thomas F. Ryan and Anthony N. Brady, the manipulators of traction stocks; President Charles A. Peabody of the Mutual Life and other life insurance officials who are trying to prevent a free vote by policyholders; such buccaneers in high finance as E. H. Harriman, have heretofore shown little appreciation of popular sentiment. They have acted as if no power on earth had right or might to check the greed of their corporations. To them also the vote of Tuesday should carry its lesson. The faith of thousands in Hearst as a saviour has its pathetic side. In casting their ballots for him they have blindly cried for justice. They will not be denied.

No commentator of Professor Burgess's Berlin remarks on the Monroe Doctrine has struck the real infelicity involved—namely, that these observations meant one thing to Dr. Burgess and quite another to his German hearers and readers. To him the issue was

academic—a mere weighing of a case in international morals and diplomatic propriety; to Germany generally, it is to be feared, it seemed to indicate a revolutionary change in American sentiment and policy. For the view that morally the Monroe Doctrine is obsolete, much may be said. The conditions that gave it dignity have ceased to exist. We no longer fear that any monarchy will snuff out republican government in the Western Hemisphere. Moreover, our former aloofness from European and Asiatic politics, which gave force to the demand that Europe should equally abstain from interfering in the Americas, has been utterly abandoned. When this nation is in world politics from Algieras to Peking, it is logically absurd to deny the commercial and quasi-colonial interests of Italy and Germany in South America. But logic has unhappily rather little to do with the matter. As a sentiment, devotion to the Monroe Doctrine has become stronger as its moral basis has become more flimsy. For many years to come resentment of European interference in this hemisphere will move our Presidents, and, at a pinch, our armies and navies. In short, the "Doctrine" has passed from the rational to the instinctive stage, and is, if anything, more formidable than before. That such opinions as Professor Burgess's will ultimately prevail, we make no doubt; meanwhile, it is premature to give the impression to any European Power, most of all to Germany, that, because certain of our diplomatic syllogisms have been proved fallacious by events, our traditional conclusions are held less passionately than before.

Since the report of the Eleventh Census upon "Wealth, Debt, and Taxation," in 1892, no comprehensive statistics of Federal, State, and local finance have been published in the United States. We had begun to despair of ever seeing the finance statistics of the Twelfth Census. Recently, however, the first advance sheets have come to hand. The following table of the net indebtedness (i. e., total indebtedness less sinking funds) presents the essential data, stated in millions of dollars:

	1870.	1880.	1890.	1902.
Federal debt	2,331	1,919	890	925
State debt	353	275	212	234
County debt	187	124	145	196
Municipal and other local debt	328	724	781	1,434
Total	3,199	3,042	2,028	2,789
Per capita debt ..	\$82.99	\$60.66	\$32.39	\$35.49

Since 1870 the aggregate net indebtedness has decreased; since 1890 it has increased. Meanwhile, the per capita debt has fallen very materially, but since

1890 has manifested a slight upward tendency. If we separate Federal and State from county and municipal indebtedness, the table will stand as follows:

	1870.	1880.	1890.	1902.
Federal and State debt	2,684	2,194	1,102	1,159
County and municipal debt.	515	848	926	1,630
Total	3,199	3,042	2,028	2,789

It is clear that two opposing forces have been at work. Both Federal and State debts were swollen to abnormal proportions in 1870 on account of the civil war; and the subsequent decrease, amounting by 1902 to \$1,525,000,000, was but natural—at least, according to American theory and practice. Upon the other hand, local indebtedness has risen since 1870 by not less than \$1,115,000,000, and, what is more, the rate of increase was never so rapid as at the present time. We find also that, of the aggregate local debts of \$1,630,000,000, not less than 48 per cent. belong to New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, which contain but 24 per cent. of the population. In the country at large, the heaviest local debts are in the industrial States having large centres of population. Earlier census reports upon "Wealth, Debt, and Taxation" contained instructive tables showing the purposes for which all debts were contracted. The data thus far published do not give such information for 1902; but we may hope that, since a beginning has at last been made, the rest of the results may be speedily forthcoming.

Gov. Magoon, by dismissing Cuban officials wholesale, has laid his hand seriously to the reform most needed, but he is also in danger of exciting unhappy animosities. The Latin races are a unit in regarding officeholding as the most desirable career, and the lack of a post as something like an ignominy. At many points, Secretary Taft's military emissaries found the chief difficulty of the situation to be that the insurgents expected to take up office as fast as they laid down their antiquated firearms. In fact, the trouble that has to be dealt with in Cuba is the innate propensity of the outs to shoot their way in. It may be said that such sentiments do little credit to our wards; their sensibilities have to be considered all the same. We do not doubt that Gov. Magoon's clean sweep is justified on all practical grounds. We hope, however, that his zeal will be tempered by the recollection that life in the bush is a delightful recreation in Cuba, while the Cuban insurgent is a much more formidable antagonist than his colleague, with whom Mr. Magoon is more familiar, the revolutionist of the Isthmus.

A steady increase in the number of college men entering politics in New York city is evident from the "Voters' Directory" published by the *Evening Post* a few days before election. This Directory contains the names and a brief characterization of all the candidates to be balloted for in Greater New York. This autumn 123, or more than a third of the whole number, were trained either in college or law school. The significance of these figures appears from a comparison with figures for four years. The following table shows both the totals and the distribution of candidates among the several colleges:

	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
Yale	4	5	5	6
Harvard	3	3	..	7
Princeton	6	5	5	5
Cornell	1	5	3	4
New York University ..	4	7	9	5
City College	11	15	14	17
Columbia	10	8	11	6
Amherst	..	2	3	4
Hamilton	1	..	2	2
Williams	1	1	..	3
Other colleges	10	15	20	31
Law School only	29	21	30	33
	80	87	102	123

The preponderance of men from the free College of the City of New York is, of course, to be expected. The interest of college men in politics is a gratifying sign: it means among our office-holders greater intelligence. We believe it also means higher character. So far as our own observation goes, however, the defect of our office-holding class to-day is moral, not mental; the members of the New York Legislature, for example, suffer less from ignorance than from instability. They are clever enough, but they are afraid to resist the machine politician; they compromise too easily with conscience.

Andover Theological Seminary's low estate is again brought to public notice by the figures of this year's enrolment. There are, it seems, but eleven students, all told—actually fewer than the professors. This is a sorrowful pass for the ancient seminary, once regarded as head of all the theological schools of the country. The alumni and trustees have made great efforts to keep the institution going, but discussion will now be renewed, we presume, of the project to settle, like the Episcopal Theological School, under the wing of Harvard at Cambridge. It is commonly supposed that the decayed prestige of Andover is due to doctrinal reasons. The "Andover controversy" is ordinarily referred to as the cause of the marked falling off in the number of students. That acrimonious theological struggle, no doubt, had something to do with the seminary's decline, but it probably did little more than accelerate the working of a larger cause. The "drift of the cities" has strongly affected theological education. To be directly in touch with

organized Christianity and charity, on a large scale, has become the great desire of theological students. They "pine for their slums," as Professor Park of Andover once sarcastically put it. At any rate, New Haven and Chicago and Hartford have grown at the expense of Andover. Union Seminary in this city had its own theological hatreds, and was at one time almost taboo by the Presbyterian Church; but the pull of the city brought it students as before. The old conception of a theological seminary as a quiet place where a man could do athletic reading and needle's-point thinking, is giving way. These are the days when the theologian, too, has to "hustle" and "do things."

Christian Science and mental healing were the topics to which Dr. Pierre Janet of Paris, chiefly devoted himself in a recent lecture at the Lowell Institute on "Psychotherapeutics." In some cases he admitted that healers had accomplished good results; but he complained of the absence of precise data in the reports of "cures." A recovery of 80, 90, and even of 98 per cent. had been claimed, but no diagnosis of the cases was made, and the statistics were scientifically inconclusive. This neglect of diagnosis and contempt for the medical profession has been characteristic of all healers since P. Quimby's labors in 1840. Cure by faith resembles the old mediæval "theriac," a mixture of drugs, some one of which might prove to be a good shot, and hit the bull's-eye. Dr. Janet thinks that the miracles of Christian Science are on a higher plane than those of Lourdes, but he puts hypnotism above the method of either. Every educated Frenchman is surprised that faith-healing should be with us a religious process. But in demanding of the Christian Science advocates a diagnosis of the cases cured, and authoritative statistics, Dr. Janet is surely addressing deaf ears.

The virtual abolition of the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge University was briefly announced in the dispatches a few days ago. The reasons for this step now appear more fully in the English papers. In a letter published on October 22, eleven of the Cambridge professors and lecturers in mathematics, including Robert S. Ball, G. H. Darwin, A. R. Forsyth, and J. J. Thomson, set forth their arguments in support of the change, then pending. They felt that the old system involved "too great a sacrifice of the educational interests of many students, the character of whose work during their course at Cambridge is dominated by the requirements of the final examination." Men spend "far too much time in elaborating the details of the general mathematical course." One of the chief ob-

jects of the new scheme is "to provide for the needs of the important class of men who ought to spend part, but not the whole, of their time at Cambridge in studying mathematics." The problem at Cambridge is in one point the reverse of that which American universities, with the elective system, are forced to consider. Here the difficulty is to keep too many students—especially those who have no definite career in view—from dissipating their efforts over too wide a field. The attempt to counteract this tendency toward diffusion is met in some institutions by the offering of "honors" and other prizes for excellence in one line. In no American university, however, have we an honor which carries the distinction accorded to the leader of the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge, the senior wrangler, and consequently there is not such a general temptation to concentration along one line. Yet our prizes, such as they are, together with a desire to hasten preparation for professional work, indubitably encourage the ambitious in the tendency deplored at Cambridge—immature and excessive specialization.

Premier Clemenceau has received the extraordinary vote of confidence of 395 to 96. The programme that elicited so unprecedented an expression may be briefly characterized as radical. The Premier engages to enforce the Separation Act, though the method is not specified; to vote old-age pensions, a progressive income tax, and increased privileges to labor unions. "Democratic" was the word chosen to describe the Government projects. In a general way, the Clemenceau prospectus is merely a continuation of the policy of several Ministries past. Evidently, the keeping of these promises depends mainly on money in hand, and the large deficit in the current budget pretty well reduces the more costly plans to pious wishes. As regards European policy, also, M. Clemenceau will apparently continue in the footsteps of Rouvier and Bourgeois, confirming the new friendships with Italy and England, while abiding by the Dual Alliance. We have already pointed out that the actual sincerity of that compact was in doubt from the very beginning. Its value to-day is largely factitious. But it seems as if, beside the more genuine understandings which are gradually forming, there must be maintained a solemn equilibrium of paper alliances—if only to please an international Mrs. Grundy who still dominates the chancelleries. M. Clemenceau's tenure, finally, is by no means as comfortable as his great majority indicates. He has ahead the thorny problem of applying the Separation Act and of financing his humanitarian projects. His course is perilous and will require a skilful pilot.

A possible solution of the deadlock between the French Government and the Church over the Separation Law is suggested in the *Revue Politique*, by M. Esmein, an eminent authority on public law. M. Esmein finds the crux of the difficulty in the failure of the law to make specific mention of the Catholic Church. But if it is impossible for the bishops to accept the associations of public worship prescribed in the law, why may not the laity proceed with the formation of such associations, taking care to insert in their by-laws the fullest guarantees that the bishops may demand? If the bishops will not accept religious associations organized under an obnoxious law, it is within their power to bring about the formation of associations before the law comes into effect. Up to that date (December 11) they would retain power over the Church property and be the only judges whether any association formed is in conformity with the general organization of the Church. Such an association can make itself, in fact, the instrument of the bishop's will. If the faithful are wise and anticipate the enforcement of the law, they have nothing to fear. "The orthodox association will be in possession and *beati possidentes*."

Which is worse—to be blind or to be deaf and dumb? Kant discussed that question in his "Anthropologie," and concluded that the blind were less to be pitied than the deaf-mutes, whom he found, as a rule, more morose. The eminent Berlin oculist, Dr. Ludwig Cohn, considers the same problem in the *Berlin Tageblatt*, apropos of the one-hundredth anniversary of the opening of the first asylum for the blind in Germany. All the blind persons whom he has questioned hold their affliction to be more endurable than that of the deaf-mutes. Yet at social gatherings, and in the theatre, not to speak of the opera, the eye makes amends for the lack of hearing to a much greater degree than the ear does for the absence of sight. But "if we ask a deaf-mute if he would change places with a blind person, he always answers, No." The latest published figures, for 1900, show that there were at that time in the German Empire 48,750 deaf-mutes, as against 34,334 blind. Much more has been done for the deaf-mutes than for the blind in enabling them to earn their own living; and Dr. Cohn regards it as one of the main problems of the future to devise means of making the blind self-supporting. To that problem humane people in this country have applied themselves with much success.

If certain practices now common among small tradesmen and domestic

servants continue much longer, there will be little need of agitating for a graduated income tax, or for a limitation of great fortunes. The wealth of the unhappy employers will be distributed in commissions. In his famous advice to servants, Dean Swift observes:

Take all tradesmen's parts against your master, and when sent to buy anything, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honor, and may be some shillings in your pocket; and you are to consider, if your master has paid too much, he can better afford the loss than the poor tradesman.

The custom of giving and taking commissions on all articles bought for household use has grown until many cooks receive more from the purveyors than they do from their employers. Some marketmen will pay as much as 10 per cent. to a cook to keep the patronage of a large family. No one maintains that competent domestic servants are greatly overpaid. Often they render services which no wages could secure. But if a large percentage on the cost of provisions is to go into the servant's pocket, then employers will no doubt seek some way of self-protection. The commission system, which is bad enough in the kitchen, is even worse in the stable. No doubt the blacksmiths and harness dealers would themselves welcome a remedy for the present state of things, when the employer's purchasing power is too often regulated by the coachman's greed.

A struggle of twenty-five years in the Colonial Parliament of the Bermudas has ended in the appropriation of £70,000 for the deepening of the channel of St. George's Harbor. This is a landlocked body of water within a mile of the open sea. By this project the Bermudians hope to create such harbor facilities as will make their islands a great coaling station for steamships plying the North Atlantic. As Bermuda lies in the trade routes from the Continent to the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, her position as a port of call is singularly advantageous. At present, she cannot boast of one safe or convenient anchorage for coaling. The advocates of the St. George's channel scheme met with strong local opposition. Even the Imperial authorities frowned on the project. But after the Spanish-American war the Home Government withdrew all objection. To-day, public opinion in Bermuda is unanimously in favor of the improvement. The change of feeling is largely due to financial depression. As the winter tourist trade will not make up to the colony for its other losses, the Bermudians have concluded to make a bid for the Atlantic coaling trade.

PEARY'S ARCTIC WORK.

In the short dispatch of Saturday announcing the return of Commander Peary, we have the bare record of what must for many years be regarded as one of the most remarkable pieces of exploration ever accomplished. Whether able to justify itself in the light of a contribution to science or not, whether it is to act as a stimulus or a deterrent to further exploration in the same field, the journey itself proves a courage and an ability on the part of individual man to battle with the forces of nature, which are but rarely found illuminating even the brightest pages in the annals of discovery. Indeed, Mr. Peary, in his numerous Arctic ventures, entirely apart from the importance or significance of his discoveries, has set a standard for exploration which few will have the daring to emulate, and still fewer the physical capacity to carry through. Starting systematically on his great work in 1891, he has since that time devoted all his energies to the accomplishment of the one end in view—the clearing up of the mysteries of the Far North. Ten years and more—virtually all of the period between 1891 and 1906 that was not taken up in preparations for his several expeditions—have been passed in the Arctic desert of ice and snow.

The chief results of Mr. Peary's explorations are to be found in the determination of the insularity of Greenland (1892); the fixation of the Arctic boundaries of what is seemingly the most northerly land-mass of our planet (Cape Morris Jesup, latitude $83^{\circ} 39'$ north) (1900); and the tracing (1906) east and westward of the Arctic shore-line through 80° of longitude; that is, from the northeastern extremity of Greenland to nearly 20° of longitude beyond the furthest point that, in Grant Land, was reached in 1876 by Aldrich. Aldrich, it will be remembered, was one of the lieutenants of the British national expedition under command of Capt. (Sir) George Nares. To this major work of Mr. Peary must be added the close charting of the inner waters of a large section of Northwestern Greenland, and the most complete study that has ever been made of that small band of true Greenlanders, hardly 250 to 300 in number, who inhabit the region lying northward of Melville Bay, and who appear in the early explorations of Sir John Ross under the name of Arctic Highlanders. Many of the more strictly scientific details of the explorations have not been elaborated, or at least have not yet been published. Our knowledge of the great ice-cap of Greenland—the physical conditions prevailing over it and its relation to the uncovered or ice-free land that lies northward of it—which was initiated by the late Baron Nordenskjöld in 1883, and furthered by the "first crossing" of Nansen,

we owe in the main to Mr. Peary. We likewise owe to him the presentation of a number of interesting problems in the domain of zoögeography. Among the latter is the occurrence in the land beyond the ice-cap of Greenland of the musk-ox. The presence of this animal, which the explorers have used as food, has alone on two occasions made it possible for Mr. Peary to escape starvation.

The record of the "farthest north" that is now made ($87^{\circ} 6'$) surpasses by thirty-eight statute miles the earlier brilliant achievement, northward of Franz Josef Land, of Capt. Cagni, the long arm of the "Stella Polare" expedition of the singularly successful Duke of the Abruzzi. It also eclipses by 196 statute miles Mr. Peary's own best previous record of $84^{\circ} 17'$, northward of Cape Hecla, on Grant Land, in 1902. In the final days of the heroic struggle of Captain (now Admiral) Markham, one of the lieutenants of the British expedition of 1876, the advance over the hummocky pack-ice in the same field which was traversed this year, was made at the rate of not more than one-quarter or half of a mile a day. This distance is considerably less than the retrograde movement of the ice that carried the explorers southward. This experience affords an insight into the labor which has permitted Mr. Peary to pass Markham's furthest point by 250 statute miles. Two hundred miles still intervene between the furthest of this year and the Pole, while the area of the regions in the extreme north that remain unknown, or at best vaguely known, is still reckoned in millions of square miles.

One of the most important lessons to be drawn from the various Peary expeditions—one, unfortunately, that has not yet been able to break through the barrier of accepted notions—is the value of a critical study of clothing and food. In a knowledge of these all-important adjuncts to travel, Mr. Peary is *facile princeps*. The almost complete absence of every form of illness from the Peary camps through so many years of severe trial and exposure, the absolute elimination of that plague of Polar exploration, scurvy, is a triumph which points to success in future ventures of this kind. And yet one reads with regret that the otherwise brilliant achievements of the British National Antarctic Expedition of 1902-1904 were shorn of probably their best results through the breaking out of scurvy and the death of the dogs, as a consequence of improper food. And, seemingly, it was chiefly a matter of clothing which prevented Nansen from making a higher northing at the time that he abandoned the Fram to its famous drift. Troubles of this class never beset the Peary expeditions. Nature's elements are still the force that

baffles the best efforts put forth to conquer them.

THE CASE OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

It is not surprising that the League of American Municipalities declined to adopt a general resolution favoring municipal ownership. Its adoption would at best be premature. There is no present agreement among economists either for or against the further extension of the functions of American municipalities. There was a period when municipal enterprises were advocated and, in some cases, taken up in this country on more or less vague reports of similar experiments in Great Britain and elsewhere. This time has passed, and has been followed by one of inquiry, the results of which have not yet been fully ascertained. The evidence is not yet all in; obviously, the time has not arrived finally to decide the case.

The facts, to date, are that municipal functions both in Europe and America have greatly expanded within the last few years. Great Britain leads the way, with Germany close upon her heels, and America following more slowly. Great Britain numbers among the enterprises undertaken by her cities, not only the familiar water works, gas and electric lighting plants, and tramways, but also municipal markets, baths, dwelling houses, telephones, theatres, warehouses, hotels, lodging-houses, abattoirs, golf links, savings banks, crematories and cemeteries, oyster fisheries, rabbit warrens, sheep farms, hop farms, coke and tar factories, and brick yards. Germany has gone extensively into municipal lighting and street-car service. American cities have thus far generally confined themselves to municipal water works, gas works, and electric lighting plants. No American city has yet undertaken to operate street cars, though there are several instances, as in New York and Boston, where the city owns the right of way and leases to an operating company which supplies the equipment.

Have the results thus far been favorable or unfavorable? Here the conflict begins. Dr. E. W. Bemis and Professor Howe have one opinion; Prof. L. S. Rowe and Prof. Hugo R. Meyer hold another. The report of the Bureau of Labor, based on three separate investigations of the results of municipal trading in Great Britain, admits a principal charge against the system—that it increases municipal debt and raises the tax rate—but, on the whole, is mildly favorable. The most complete presentation by a single economist, "Municipal Ownership in Great Britain," by Professor Meyer, is strongly against the substitution of municipal management for private enterprise. The Civic Federa-

tion, which promises an elaborate report, is yet to be heard from.

Of the results in this country, no complete summary is available. It seems to be generally agreed that American municipalities can satisfactorily maintain and operate their water works, but opponents of municipalization urge, with some force, that the case of water is exceptional, not only because the supply is in most cases wholly natural and the means of distribution simple, but also because water is required by all, while gas, electricity, and street cars are used by only a portion of the community. Apart from water, the reports from American cities are as confusing as the conflicting testimony from Great Britain. Toledo, Ohio, pays interest annually on a million-dollar debt for which the city has absolutely nothing to show, having sold for a tenth of its cost the natural gas enterprise embarked upon a dozen years ago. Richmond, Virginia, has waked up to the fact that her supposed profit from a municipal gas enterprise was a matter of bookkeeping; and that instead of a profit there is a serious loss, which must now be made up in cash—renovating a worn-out plant—or the business abandoned. Alexandria, Virginia, has within a few months sold for \$3,000 an electric plant costing \$17,000. Current news dispatches tell of four Indiana cities which are preparing to wind up their lighting ventures as soon as they can find purchasers for the plants. Many American cities, on the other hand, point with great pride to their municipal electric plants. This may mean that their experience is to be counted on the affirmative side—or it may mean that they have not yet called in an expert accountant.

One might gather from the tenderness with which the subject is treated by the politicians that all the voters are in favor of municipal ownership and operation, but there happens to be proof that this is not true. Chicago, it will be remembered, voted for municipal ownership but not for municipal operation; and if the street cars of Chicago are to be run by the city, specific authorization for it must still be secured at the polls. San Francisco was forced to take over a street car line, where the franchise had expired, but refused, on submission to the voters, to authorize municipal operation of the cars. Cleveland, Ohio, being urged by Mayor Johnson in 1903 to undertake the construction and operation of a municipal lighting plant, and the question being submitted to the electors, declined by a substantial majority. The city of Seattle, which in March of this year elected the mayoralty candidate of the municipal ownership party, thought better of it, and on September 12, by a majority of more than 1,500 out of a total of 14,000 votes cast at a special election, refused to authorize a bond issue for municipal street car lines.

Certainly, there is nothing now in the record which calls for a generalization in favor of the wide extension of municipal functions, commonly implied within the term "municipal ownership." For the present, at least, each proposal should be compelled to prove its own case, and the closer the scrutiny the better.

UNIVERSITY TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

One who marks current discussion of college English will be reminded of an ungrammatical but expressive catchword of twenty-five years ago: "Hit him again; he's Irish, and he han't no friends." The latest castigator of these studies, Prof. George Rice Carpenter, deals the faithful wounds of a friend, being himself the incumbent of a chair of English in Columbia University. His criticism, as contained in the *Columbia Quarterly*, affects English as taught in the universities. He notes that many Ph.D.'s in English have received a training wholly scrappy, and quite apart from the subjects they are to teach in the colleges. Thus we fill our chairs with erudite scholars, to be sure, but myopic teachers, disqualified from taking comprehensive views even of their specialty. Naturally, such men are poor leaders of youth, having merely vague conceptions both of literary values and of pedagogical possibilities.

A little acquaintance with college faculties will show that professors of this limited sort are by no means rare. We venture further, and assert that most of the good teachers of English have become so through a combination of native ability and vitality sufficient to overcome the defects of their university education. Many a faithful teacher, reviewing his own university career, would say, not that it was bad in itself or wasted, but that it had been grossly unsystematic and relatively unprofitable as regards the actual service of teaching. In similar fashion, many a Grecian who has gloriously "settled *hoti's* business," is compelled, tardily and ingloriously, to acquire some familiarity with Greek literature. In fine, the university often not merely neglects the more valuable studies, but so urgently puts forward the less valuable, that the student has no leisure for repairing individually the gaps in a haphazard curriculum. Nothing is more common than to find a doctor of philosophy whose mental acquisition, after all, consists of uncoördinated snippets of literary history and philology—a dash of Chaucer, and the Chester Plays; a smattering of Gothic, and a sample of the Minnesänger; a semester of Gower, and one of Dr. Donne; a *soupeçon* of Anglo-Saxon metre, and Aristotelian critiques of poetry—such is the ragout that is frequently served up in the name of uni-

versity education. Evidently a student who escapes such a course with his associative faculties unimpaired is a monument to his own mental equipoise, not to the intelligence of the university that made him a doctor.

The cause of this confusion is largely false ideals of research inherited from Germany, but even more the absence of clear thinking in university administrators and teachers. From Germany we have imported the notion that the process of investigation is everything; the materials quite indifferent. In this view there is a plausible disinterestedness, and just enough truth to obscure the fundamental error. We would not minimize the value of any sort of truth, nor the desirability of research, however minute and remote from contemporary importance; but there is a world-wide difference between such self-effacing investigation pursued by a trained scholar as part of a large and well-reasoned plan, and similar studies pursued by a novice in the name of education. The distinction is fundamental; what in the first case may seem necessary and heroic, becomes in the second merely casual and foolish.

If Germany has thus imposed upon us an eminently unphilosophical notion of the relation of research to university education and college teaching, she has unconsciously done us a deeper harm by confounding in the one word "philology" a great variety of linguistic and literary studies, of differing importance and availability. The ignorant sort of dilettanteism we have already had; we have added a more insidious because a learned and plausible sort. The gushing person who imagines that he can teach English literature by plenary inspiration, without any knowledge of the history of the language, or even, without first-hand study of the history of the literature, is, after all, becoming rapidly discredited; the philologist who, on the basis of inarticulate enthusiasms and incommunicable tastes, fixes himself in a chair of literature is far more detrimental to sound studies. He is learned, and he gives to college presidents the impression of being also wise, which too often he is not. The quarrel here is not with philology, as such, but with those who, without comprehensive views or noteworthy attainment even in that subject, dabble languidly in both philology and literature; whose vaunted investigations frequently consist merely of marginalia; whose teaching is regulated not by any plan either philological or literary, but by the passing curiosity of the year or by the casual pressure of publisher or editor. Men of this type, however vast their merely cumulative attainments, are dilettantes—true successors of the Alexandrian scholiasts and the Della-Cruscans.

Without exaggeration, this is the tem-

per that our university education tends to produce, and this is the reason why both our college teaching and our productive scholarship are of a scrappy and ineffective order. Of course, the remedy for impressionism is principle, and for intellectual disorder, logic. What we need in the present instance is a clear perception of ends. When the conditions of a rationalized education and the practical qualifications for college teaching are fairly considered, it will seem absurd to equip all college teachers of English as investigators in the German sense; it will seem culpable to impose merely random philological studies, and still worse to prescribe them for the student of literary history. It will seem indispensable to observe a certain sequence, and preposterous to omit the most rewarding authors and periods simply because these do not afford likely topics for doctoral dissertations. The real reform will come when university authorities gain some conception of the distinctions between linguistic and literary study; realize that the scholar's conscience may be produced without ignoring the finer enthusiasms; and insist that no subject shall be taught without some recognition of its educational values and its relations to the whole field of the humanities. And this implies a generation of university professors more forceful as personalities and better oriented as intellects, than the average of to-day.

CODES OF PROFESSIONAL ETHICS.

Writing on "The Ideal Lawyer" in the current *Atlantic*, Justice David J. Brewer of the Supreme Court cites with approval the action of the committee of the American Bar Association in advising the adoption of a code of professional ethics. This committee was appointed in 1905 to report upon the advisability and practicability of such a code, and its recent report is worthy of wider attention than it has thus far received. In Justice Brewer's opinion, it is plain proof that the profession as a whole recognizes that there is an ideal lawyer, and intends that "no one shall be tolerated who does not possess one at least of the elements of such a lawyer, to wit: a high moral character."

The committee, denouncing the conduct of certain lawyers, declared:

Members of the bar, like judges, are officers of the courts, and, like judges, should hold office only during good behavior. "Good behavior" should not be a vague, meaningless, or shadowy term, devoid of practical application save in flagrant cases. It should be defined and measured by such ethical standards, however high, as are necessary to keep the administration of justice pure and unsullied. Such standards may be crystallized into a written code of professional organizations, local or national, formed . . . to promote the administration of justice and

uphold the honor of the profession. Such a code in time will doubtless become of very great practical value by leading to action through the judiciary; for the courts may, as conditions warrant, require all candidates for the bar to subscribe a suitable and reasonable canon of ethics as a condition precedent to admission.

Indeed, eventually the people, for the welfare of the community and to further the administration of justice, may, either by constitutional provisions or legislative enactments, demand that all, before being granted by the State the valuable franchise to practise, shall take an oath to support not only the Constitution, but such canons of ethics as may be established by law.

With this plan lawyers of the type of Edward M. Shepard and Joseph H. Choate will be in hearty accord. They realize that the rush for wealth, as Mr. Shepard recently pointed out, has in many cases undermined old-fashioned standards of professional ethics. They have seen an ever-increasing number of men enter the profession solely as a means of obtaining political office or of getting into some lucrative business by means of their legal knowledge. These birds of passage naturally care little or nothing for the calling which they make merely a means to an end.

If the increase in the number of law schools of high standing has done much to instil a respect for the profession, there still are, as every one knows, far too many men who prostitute their abilities by using them only to show people how to avoid the penalties of the law while committing acts contrary to its spirit. We gravely doubt whether there has been an actual multiplication of shysters out of proportion to the general growth of the profession. There were blacklegs in the law centuries ago, as well as in the time of Marshall and Webster. But the increase in the number of lawyers has made the corps too unwieldy to act quickly, and thus the process of punishing by disbarment is long and difficult, except in clear-cut cases; and many a rascal escapes because his wronged client either does not know how to press for punishment or would rather avoid further notoriety and unpleasantness. Plainly, the best way to tone up the profession, besides contriving some machinery to make disbarment speedier and more frequent, is to fix a standard at the beginning, and make sure that candidates for admission have a clear understanding that, in accordance with a written code, as honorable conduct is expected of them as is traditionally demanded of officers of the army and navy.

If it is gratifying to see one of the oldest of the learned professions seeking to keep itself pure, it is even more encouraging to find a new one striving to establish an ethical code by which its members shall be bound. At the twenty-third annual convention of the Ameri-

can Institute of Electrical Engineers, held in Milwaukee this year, the president, Schuyler Skaats Wheeler, devoted his address to the question of engineering honor, and cited as his text these words from Francis Bacon's "Maxims of Law":

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive contenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereto.

Besides expounding the ordinary reasons for a code of ethics which apply to all professions, Mr. Wheeler dwelt at some length upon the duty the electrical engineer owes to the public, if only to protect it from the charlatan and the impostor. As a result of the president's address the Institute decided that, in imitation of such examples as the rules governing the relation of physician to patient and architect to client, a committee should be appointed to draft a code of electrical engineering ethics. This committee is now at work, on the understanding that the result of its labors will be submitted at the next annual meeting.

It is with such voluntary acts as these that the defender of American business and professional life can best reply to the critic, whether native or foreign, who would have it that our ideals are perishing in an age of materialism. Just as ethical standards are higher and ethical teachings more insistent and systematic than at any time in our history, so there is in every profession a growing desire to oust the quacks and the immoral. Even in the dental profession, debased as it is by countless frauds and fakirs, there is a stirring which bodes well for the future. Indeed, if this striving after ideals continues, we may yet see a professional code among newspaper men. Miracles have happened, and we may yet see such a portent. The time may come when journalists who pander to the basest passions, who deliberately incite to crime and immorality, or who sell their opinions for gain, will be professional outcasts.

THOREAU AND GERMAN ROMANTICISM.

After forty-four years of waiting, the Journal of Thoreau has been published in practically complete form, filling fourteen out of the twenty volumes that make the attractive new Walden Edition (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.). Of the value of the Journal itself in this extended form, there may well be at first some doubt. Most of the memorable reflections and descriptive passages had already been transferred by the author to "Walden" and his other regular works. What remains is made up largely of trivial daily memoranda, often written down in the field and then copied out at home for more convenient reference. There are, of course, recompenses, for the wary reader who has learned the gentle art of

skipping—new fragments of magic description, shrewd bookish criticisms, glimpses of serene vision, the old familiar thoughts struck out in fresh language. And apart from any question of immediate interest, this simple record of a life in nature offers a real profit to the student of the larger intellectual currents. From Thoreau's comparative poverty in original ideas and from the practical independence of his character we can see, better than in the case of Emerson or any other of the group, wherein the transcendentalism of Concord was an echo of the German school, and wherein it differed.

No one has yet traced the exact channels by which the formulæ of Romanticism migrated from Germany to New England, although it is known in a general way that the direct influence through translations in the American magazines and elsewhere was considerable. Moreover, most of the Concord scholars dabbled at one time or another in the German language. The strongest impulse, no doubt, came indirectly through Coleridge, Carlyle, and the other British Teutonizers, but once here it found a far more suitable soil than in England. Something in the mental constitution of our people fitted them to absorb the nebulous ideas that were in the air, and something in their spiritual antecedents drew them particularly close to Germany. They had just thrown off the strait-jacket of Puritan religion and were revelling in the always perilous consciousness of spiritual liberty. The situation in Germany at the time of the Romantic School was not altogether dissimilar. Lessing and the Titans of the *Sturm und Drang* had wrestled against the deadening tyranny of the Lutheran Church; they had discarded the formalism of French literary law, and with it pretty much all sense of form whatever; they had, with the help of Kant, broken down the official philosophy of Leibniz and Wolff. On all sides resounded the watchword of *Freiheit*, liberty—except in politics, where neither then nor now have the Germans, as a people, reached any notion of individual liberty submitting to the discipline of self-imposed restraint, without need of the strong hand of Government or the bonds of socialistic regulation. So far as the aim of the Storm and Stress can be described, it might be called a rejection of the eighteenth-century principle of selection for that of universality. The whole of human nature should be embraced and developed, and this development was to come through a setting loose of every impulse and passion of the breast to run its full unhampered course. What that career meant, the *Geniesucht*, the *Unendlichkeitsstreben*, the *ringende Titanenthum*, the *Emancipation des Fleisches*, the *Seelenpriapismus*—may all be seen, by whoever cares to read it, in such a work as Wilhelm Heinse's "Ardinghello." Out of this blind ferment of freedom came at last the spirit of a new and more compact school, the cultus of the *Ich*, the romantic I, as formulated by Fichte, the Schlegels, Schleiermacher, and Schelling, and as practised by Tieck, Novalis, and a small band of contemporaries.

German romanticism is often defined as a return to mediæval ideals, and for the decline of the movement such a definition is fairly exact. And even in the beginning,

although such a master of the school as Friedrich Schlegel preferred to call himself a Grecian, his interest in that land was mainly a sentimental nostalgia for some imagined home of happiness in the past, and his kinship, vague at first, and entirely unconscious, was rather with the mediæval Church. Through all the years after the Renaissance, the memory and habit of the Middle Ages had run beneath civilization like one of those underground rivers, sending up its fountains here and there, even in the disciplined years of the eighteenth century. And when at last the depths had been broken up by the wild license of the Storm and Stress, it reappeared at the surface, its old name forgotten and its current charged with many deposits from its hidden pilgrimage. We are accustomed to find the relationship between Romanticism and the Middle Ages chiefly in a common feeling of infinity, in their *Unendlichkeitsstreben*, and this in a way is true. But we must restrict the meaning of the word closely. In the narrower acceptance, the Middle Ages had less of the feeling than the centuries either preceding or immediately following. There is more of the infinite in Virgil's *loca nocte tacentia late* than in Dante's vision of petrified eternity; there is more of the infinite in Shakspeare than in all the mediæval poets put together, more in Plato and Spinoza than in all the intervening schoolmen. What the Middle Ages really strove for was to combine the ideas of personality and limitlessness; the human personality was to be protracted unchanged through unending periods of time, the deity was to be at once human in nature and unbounded in power—a conception of the world which could have arisen only when the feeling for the infinite as something positive in itself and different from a mere quantitative limitlessness had been lost. Necessarily such an effort to contain the infinite within the vessel of the finite brought its penalty—to some minds an unwholesome exaltation and relaxing reverie, to others, as to St. Augustine, the anguish of mortal self-contradiction. This was the burden of the Confessions: "How shall I call upon my God, God and my Lord? For I call him into myself when I call upon him (*quoniam utique in meipsum eum vocabo, cum invocabo eum*). And what room is there in me, where my God may enter in, where God may enter in, God who made heaven and earth?" And this combat between the thought of a limited and an unlimited personality passed through the Middle Ages, disappeared for a time, and then returned to be absorbed and modified in the writings of the Romantic school.

Only so can we understand the *Ich* which Fichte erected into that tortured system of philosophy, whose chief value is that it gave a backbone of rigid articulate logic to a body of otherwise flabby sentiment. The spirit of revolt is the beginning of the movement. Not only in art does the will or whim (*willkür*) of the poet suffer no law over itself, as Friedrich Schlegel avers, but, more mystically, this liberty is necessary for the expansion of the I into the desired state of limitless self-satisfaction. Here is no true sense of infinity, nor yet much talk of God and the soul—these had withered away under the *Aufklärung*—but

an attempt to account for the world by some juggling with the personal I and the not-I. In place of the mediæval contrast of a divine Person and a world created out of nothing by His fiat, Fichte substitutes a formula begotten of logic on lyricism. Bring together the logical law of identity ($A = A$, and not- A is not $= A$) and the craving of unrestrained egotism, and you get the romantic equivalent for mediævalism: God is replaced by the human personality, lifted as the transcendental I above the ordinary I of commerce and society, and the world is the not-I called into being as a field for its exercise and enjoyment.

Here is room for endless reverie, for unbounded exaltations, for insatiable self-tormentings. This I has in practice no concern with the reason, which is the faculty of defining and delimiting; it has no kinship with the will which means self-restraint; it is the child of the feelings which are essentially rebellious to limitations. So in religion there was a general repudiation of Luther and the Reformation, as the source of "a dry rational emptiness which leaves the heart to pine away." To Schleiermacher, the great preacher of the band, religion was neither reason nor morality, neither thought nor action, but an emotional contemplation of the universe by which the soul is thrown into a state of indistinguishing reverie, and the I and the not-I swoon together into one. The religious feeling, he thought, should "accompany all the doings of a man as it were a holy music; he should do all *with* religion, nothing *through* religion." And the aim of poetry was the same. It, too, should avoid all that is sharply defined, and should blend all the *genres* into a kind of ineffable music, appealing neither to the thought nor the will. "Poems which sound melodiously and are full of beautiful words, but without any sense or connection"—that, according to Novalis, is the consummation of art.

From the same source spring those peculiar accompaniments of the movement—the so-called romantic irony, the aloofness from society, the sacred idleness. Given this outreaching egotism, together with this contempt of limitations, and inevitably there arises an inner state which is the modern counterpart of St. Augustine's wrestling with the personality of God. Fichte might argue calmly about the world as not-I, but to the inflamed imagination of a Schlegel this division of nature was a disruption of self from self; it became the everlasting, uncompromising discord between the ideal and the real. The only escape from this anguish of dissatisfaction was to ascend into those towers of indifference from which the transcendental I might survey the life of mankind, even its own activities, with unconcerned irony. In art this is the quality by which the artist "appears to smile down upon his own masterpiece from the heights of his spirit"; in life it is the feeling which leads a man to move about in society as in an alien world whose concerns are to him nothing—a mere piece of "transcendental buffoonery." Hence the contempt of business and of the Philistines follows as a kind of seal set upon the romantic soul which is conscious of itself. It cultivates a divine idleness; the summons to loaf and invite one's

soul came from over the sea long before the scandalous outbreak of Walt Whitman.

And the theatre of this vagrant aloofness was nature. To the wanderer in the field and on the mountain side, with his spirit bathed in the shifting glamour of color and form, with no troublesome call upon his reason or his will, this visible music of nature might seem now to be spun like a dream from the depths of his own being and now to be absorbed in silence back into himself. Schelling had modified this mystic revery into a vast metaphysical parallelism. "The system of nature," he said, "is at the same time the system of our spirit"; and again, "Nature is the visible spirit, the spirit is invisible nature." And Novalis, to whom thought was "only a dream of the feelings," held that by a kind of transcendental "magic," to use his famous word, a man might juggle or shuffle spirit and nature together. In his "Lehr-linge zu Sais" romanticism received perhaps its purest expression. "At the well of freedom," says one in that book, "we sit and spy; it is the great magic-mirror wherein serene and clear the whole creation reveals itself; herein bathe the tender spirits and images of all natures, and here we behold all chambers laid open. . . .

And when we wander from this view into nature herself, all is to us well known and without error we recognize every form. . . . It is all a great scroll, to which we have the key." Whereto another prophet in the book replies in the language of Fichte, telling how a man is lord of the world, and how his I, brooding mightily over the abyss of mutable forms, reduces them slowly to the eternal order of its own law of being, *der Veste seines Ichs*.

Now, of the systematic romanticism of Fichte and Schelling there is little or nothing in the writings of our New England transcendentalists. Many of their ideas may be found in Emerson, but divested of their logical coherence; and as for Thoreau, "metaphysics was his aversion," says William Ellery Channing; "speculation on the special faculties of the mind, or whether the Not Me comes out of the I or the All out of the infinite Nothing, he could not entertain." Nevertheless, in its more superficial aspects, almost the whole body of romanticism may be found reflected, explicitly or implicitly, in his Journal and formal works. He, too, had sat spying in the well of freedom, and the whole art and practice of his life were a pæan of liberty: "For a man to act himself he must be perfectly free." And this was his mission, to act himself, and to point to others the path of freedom. Calvinism had been discarded in Concord as Lutheranism had been by the romanticists at Berlin. There is little talk in Thoreau of God and the soul, but in its place a sense of individualism, of sublime egotism, reaching out to embrace the world in ecstatic communion. His religion was on the surface not dissimilar to Schleiermacher's mystical contemplation of the universe; "vast films of thought floated through my brain," he says on one occasion; and the true harvest of his daily life he pronounced "a little star-dust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched." This revery, or contemplation that spurned at limitations, passed easily into the romantic ideal of music—and that in a very literal, some-

times ludicrous, sense. A music box was sufficient to console him for the loss of his brother; a hand-organ was an instrument of the gods; and the humming wires on a cold day—his telegraph harp he called it—seemed to him to convey to his soul some secret harmony of the universe. "The wire is my redeemer; it always brings a special message to me from the Highest." This is the thought that occurs over and over again in the Journal. More particularly in one passage dated September 3, 1851, and given by Channing in fuller form than by the present editor, he expatiates on this modern harmony of the spheres:

As I went under the new telegraph wire, I heard it vibrating like a harp high overhead; it was as the sound of a far-off glorious life; a supernal life which came down to us and vibrated the lattice work of this life of ours—an Aeolian harp. It reminded me, I say, with a certain pathetic moderation, of what finer and deeper stirrings I was susceptible, which grandly set all argument and dispute aside, a triumphant though transient exhibition of the truth.

There is something bordering on the grotesque in this rhapsodical homage to a humming telegraph wire, but it might be paralleled by many a like enthusiasm of the German brotherhood. Nor was Thoreau unaware of this intrusion of humor into his ecstasy. Like Friedrich Schlegel, he indulges in the romantic irony of smiling down upon himself and walking through life as a *doppelgänger*:

I only know myself as a human entity; the scene, so to speak, of thoughts and affections; and am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand remote from myself as from another. However intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence and criticism of a part of me, which, as it were, is not a part of me, but spectator, sharing no experience, but taking note of it; and that is no more I than it is you. When the play, it may be the tragedy, of life is over, the spectator goes his way. It is a kind of fiction, a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned.

How far this irony carried him in his hatred of Philistinism and his aloofness from society, no reader of his books need be told. The life of the business man he compared to the tortures of an ascetic, and the California gold-fever threw him into a rage of disgust:—"going to California. It is only three thousand miles nearer to hell. . . . The gold of California is a touchstone which has betrayed the rottenness, the baseness, of mankind."

Nor did the daily commerce of man with man come off much better. He was not one who would "feebly fabulate and paddle in the social slush." "I live," he says, "in the angle of a leaden wall, into whose alloy was poured a little bell-metal. Sometimes in the repose of my mid-day there reaches my ears a confused tintinnabulum from without. It is the noise of my contemporaries."—Could an image be more sublimely impertinent?

Often a passage in the Journal bears the stamp of German romanticism so plainly upon it, that we stop to trace it back in memory to Tieck or Novalis or one of the followers of the earlier Storm and Stress. Such are his scattered observations on childhood, on sleep, and the all-enveloping sacrament of silence; such is his constant thought of a new mythology which is to be the end of our study and our art—"all the phenomena of nature need to be seen from the point of view of wonder and awe. . . .

Men are probably nearer to the essential truth in their superstitions than in their science." These, I take it, are not cases of translation or plagiarism, but rather of that larger and vaguer migration of thought from one land to another. They show how thoroughly the transcendental philosophy of New England had absorbed the language and ideas of German romanticism, if not its inmost spirit. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

REAL SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who has come into perhaps exceptionally close touch with the orthography exhibited by the graduates of our secondary schools, will you permit me to add a word to the current discussion of the "simplified" spelling? During the last fourteen years, the instructors in the department of English at Northwestern University have tested the spelling of somewhat more than three thousand freshmen, coming to us from more than two hundred reputable preparatory schools, and representing nearly every State in the Union. In order to be sure that we were using, in these annual tests, only such words as belong to the ordinary vocabulary of freshmen, we have taken our lists, regularly, from themes written by freshmen of the previous year in the course of their college work. Now, in comparing the words misspelled in these annual tests, and in thousands of college themes, with the three hundred words in the so-called "simplified" list, we find that only two or three words in that list have been generally misspelled by freshmen. Such words as the possessive form "their" and the common verb "lose" are misspelled with vastly greater frequency than any word in the three hundred arbitrarily selected by the simplifying committee. If, then, it be admitted that our data from over three thousand graduates of over two hundred schools are sufficiently wide to form a fair basis for generalization, one conclusion is obvious, namely: if all our secondary school graduates were fully to adopt the "simplified" spelling, it would not reduce their errors in orthography to any perceptible degree.

One or two other deductions from our long direct observation may be mentioned as bearing on the discussion. We have uniformly given, in the tests, one hundred and fifty words, and have marked "passed" all who misspelled not more than twenty out of the hundred and fifty. Yet, although great pains were taken, uniformly, to pronounce every word distinctly, and to define it both directly and by giving a sentence containing it, nearly 60 per cent. of the freshmen, on an average, have failed to pass the test from year to year. For many years we have required all who thus failed to enter a sub-freshman class, one hour a week, and to continue there until they either materially improved their spelling or demonstrated to us that they positively could not learn to spell. The work of this sub-freshman class, significantly dubbed by our students "the pity sakes class," has, of course, not count-

ed among the required number of hours in the college curriculum. Although most of the young people who have gravitated into this class have been vehement in declaring that they positively never could learn to spell, we have found, from year to year, less than one per cent. of incorrigibly bad spellers among them. We have not pretended to perform miracles or to render carefully observant, during the rest of their lives, young people who came to us habitually careless and non-observant. But we have found that a very few hours of drill have been sufficient to cause practically all the members of each successive class to pass readily tests quite as severe as those in which they failed on entering college.

Our methods have been extremely simple. In the first place, we have drilled the delinquents on those well-established rules for doubling consonants, dropping final letters, etc., which should have been, but were not, made very familiar to these students in their grammar school and high school days. In the second place, we have called particular attention to the etymology of English words derived from the Latin, so far as such a relation bears upon English orthography. For example, the student who has spelled "amatory" "amitory" is not likely to repeat such a blunder after he realizes that this word retains the connecting vowel of the first conjugation. But nearly all the improvement that we have been able to secure in the spelling of our students in this sub-freshman class has been obtained simply by requiring them to spell by syllables analytically. In other words, we have insisted that they learn to observe carefully the successive construction of polysyllables.

After this somewhat wide experience and observation, I am convinced that much of the talk about the difficulty of learning to spell English is not founded on fact. I am also convinced that most of the bad orthography exhibited by our secondary school graduates is due to the unwise, unscientific, and unpsychological method of teaching orthography to young pupils in our grammar and high schools, generally known as "the word method." Invaluable as this method is in teaching the young child to read, it certainly teaches him *not* to spell. I am informed by specialists in experimental psychology that it is impossible for the ordinary person to perceive intelligently at one volition more than four letters of a polysyllable. The consequence is that when even such a common and "easy" polysyllable as "multiplication" is placed before a child and then erased, the child, when asked to reproduce, is quite as likely to begin "m-u-p" as in any other way. He has gained simply a confused jumble instead of a clear analysis of the word. Another deduction, then, is obvious, namely: if the time, money, and energy that are now being expended to secure the "simplified" spelling were used toward securing, in our high schools and grammar schools, a wiser method of teaching orthography than that which generally prevails—if our schools would cease teaching pupils *not* to spell and would begin scientifically to teach them to spell, the results would be vastly more valuable and more easily attainable than any that can possibly be obtained by Mr. Carnegie's committee; and they would be

secured without doing violence to the history and the genealogy of our mother tongue.

J. S. CLARK.

Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., October 31.

SHALL THE ALHAMBRA BE SAVED?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been surprised to see in our papers no reference, except your own incidental allusion of some weeks ago, to the reported dangerous condition of the Alhambra. When in Granada, a year ago (or later, while in Spain), the writer heard disquieting rumors as to the insecurity of the precious building and the possibility of its falling. Besides the peril arising from the decay and obstruction of the ancient aqueducts which pervade the palace in all parts, it was said that the corrosive action of the river Darro, which encircles the hill which the Alhambra crowns, had so far proceeded as to threaten to undermine the structure.

The mere contemplation of such a catastrophe as the fall, even in part, of such an edifice fills with dismay whoever has any regard for art or history or romance. As need not be said, the Alhambra is unique both in its æsthetic charm and in its associations. It is a world-treasure and belongs to civilization. That the Hall of the Ambassadors or that of the Two Sisters should fall would deeply impoverish the world of art forever.

The only question, if the alleged facts of its condition are authentic, is how to save it? While current repairs are at present judiciously provided for, it may well be that the Spanish Government, through its poverty, would not be justified in making the large expenditures involved in the radical measures needed for security of the structure. What can be done, before it is too late? Could there be organized an international commission as in certain other cases even now before the public, which should inquire into the subject and obtain the means which may be required? Your own modestly offered suggestion is the finest, if it could find a response. When one thinks of the Aladdin-power of the mighty private fortunes of to-day, one can but long that it should sometimes be directed to magnanimous aims like this of rescuing an incomparable world-monument and preserving it to dazzle and delight men for eight more centuries. Is there not among us some large-minded possessor of great wealth, some man or woman, who shall be touched by the contemplation of such a possible loss to the world and be prompted individually to avert it? If a miscreant still survives in memory as the destroyer of the great fane of Ephesus, how long and well shall he or she be remembered who shall invert the ambition of Herostratus and come forward to save the Alhambra?

IRVING.

Philadelphia, November 5.

A PURE MENTAL FOOD LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I take it that I am an older man than the correspondent in your issue of October 25, Prof. Clarence G. Child of the University of Pennsylvania; hence it will not be presumptuous in me to say that for a generation I have held and cham-

pioned the position he defends. It seems to me the position is logical and impregnable. For centuries the degree of A.B. has stood for more or less Greek and Latin—that it may often have been less rather than more has nothing to do with the question. Let those who think that an education without the ancient classics is "just as good" label it B.S. or B.Ph. or whatever they choose. We who think differently have no quarrel with their decision; we simply object to placing an old label on new goods. Perhaps the recently enacted Pure Food law can be made to apply to mental as well as to bodily pabulum. That a man will thrive just as well on oatmeal as on wheat flour does not justify a dealer in selling the former under the latter name.

C. W. SUPER.

Athens, O., October 29.

Notes.

The Merrymount Press of Boston has sent out a prospectus of what promises to be a delightful series of books, to be called The Humanists' Library. The first four volumes announced are: Leonardo da Vinci's "Thoughts on Art and Life," edited by Lewis Einstein (general editor of the series); Erasmus "Against War," edited by J. W. Mackail; Pierre de Nolhac's "Petrarch and the Ancient World"; Sidney's "The Defense of Poesie," edited by George E. Woodberry. A considerable number of other volumes are promised. The character of the bookmaking is guaranteed by the name of the printer.

The second volume of Saintsbury's "Minor Poets of the Caroline Period" is soon to be issued by the Oxford University Press. Some of the poems have never before been printed and some are now reprinted for the first time. Altogether, we regard this as the most useful of Professor Saintsbury's literary works.

A number of years ago T. Fisher Unwin published "Napoleon's Last Voyages," which contained the diaries of Admiral Sir Thomas Usher (of the Undaunted) and of John R. Glover, secretary to Rear-Admiral Cockburn (of the Northumberland). Dr. Holland Rose is now editing a new edition of this book and writing an introduction for it.

The late Henry George, who dealt in the romance of economics, is now made the hero of a novel, "The Romance of John Bainbridge" (The Macmillan Co.), by Henry George, jr. It is the story of a young lawyer who enters politics from a sense of duty.

Cuba is the main topic of the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. A valuable summary of facts concerning the island, its people, resources, and industries, is accompanied by a large map and numerous full-page reproductions of photographs. From an interesting account of ostrich farming we learn that there are now 2,500 birds on farms in the United States, more than half of which are the progeny of a single pair, owned in Arizona in 1891. Other subjects treated are Korea, Russia's wheat crop, and the burning of clay roads, an economical method of good road-making originated in Mississippi by the Office of Public Roads.

The Century Co. has brought out a "trade" edition, at a reduced price, of Gen. Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant," available hitherto only in a limited edition. The chapters originally appeared serially in the *Century* magazine in 1896-97. The lapse of time has not changed the general impression produced by the work at its first appearance. It is in no sense a formal or comprehensive history of Grant's campaigns; indeed, it does not pretend to be such. It is, rather, a sketchy account of Grant's personal life from day to day by one who stood close to him during the Virginia campaigns, and who has industriously noted the personal habits and tastes of the great commander, his comments on men and events, and the happenings, grave and gay, of camp and battlefield. The book is undeniably entertaining, and in its present attractive dress should have a new lease of life.

The new issue, in one volume, of B. E. and C. M. Martin's "The Stones of Paris in History and Letters" (Charles Scribner's Sons) presents no important change save the correction of a certain number of errors of detail to which attention was originally drawn in our columns. The authors still hold that the philosophical or literary vitality of Rousseau is an extinct quantity nowadays (p. 206), likewise that all he knew of music was "by intuition." In all essential respects the work holds its own as an interesting guide to the antiquities of *Lutetia Parisiorum*.

The possession of a photograph of a manuscript copy of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, which, upon examination, turned out to be a photograph, not of the original of November 19, 1863, but of a copy made by Lincoln in April, 1864, has led Dr. Henry S. Burrage into a minute study of the history of this famous address, with special reference to the changes in phraseology which the address underwent in manuscript and print. The results of the inquiry form about one-fifth of the contents of a volume entitled "Gettysburg and Lincoln" (Putnam). The rest of the book contains a readable description of the Gettysburg battle, an account of the dedication of the national cemetery and its subsequent history, and a detailed history of the national park and its administration. The text is embellished with numerous pictures of the localities described.

The last issue of the "American Jewish Year Book" (Jewish Publication Society, 1906) is of even more melancholy interest than usual. Thirty-five pages are given to an elaborate, tabulated history of "pogroms" from Kishineff in April, 1903, to Bialystok in June, 1906, and 254 are reckoned. The narrative is plain, unsensational, and heartrending. Dealt with more shortly are the Jewish situation in Morocco—brought out in connection with the Algeciras conference—and the new laws on immigration and naturalization. The account of the past year has the usual strong interest of history from an unfamiliar angle and the touch of nature which makes kin.

Under the title "Briefs for our Times," the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church of Altoona, Pa., issues a volume of some thirty-five sermons (New York: Thomas Whittaker). Mr. Sheedy seems to be a fearless, straightforward

preacher, with a turn for the moral and practical, and with ability to couch his thought in vigorous English. It cannot be said that he has anything surprisingly new to convey, or that his thought rises much above ordinary reaches, but in spheres in which the majority of people are at home, he deals out common-sense, good morals, and a modicum of religion, in a trenchant and pleasing manner. His subjects embrace ethical topics such as "The Value of Self-Control," "The Duty of Service," also social themes like "The Gospel of Wealth," "Social Unrest," with now and then a more specifically religious subject.

The first volume of the noteworthy German work on the New Testament edited by Prof. Johannes Weiss of Marburg, "Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments, neu übersetzt und für die Gegenwart erklärt," appears in a second and enlarged edition (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht). Professor Weiss has had the coöperation of some of the most eminent scholars of the liberal school, among them Professors Gunkel, Jülicher, Bousset, and Baumgarten. The endeavor has been to afford an historical understanding of the New Testament, and to provide for the non-specialist a clear presentation of the results of critical inquiry. The success of the undertaking has been notable, and the volume in hand is a striking witness to the painstaking diligence and the powers of insight of German Biblical students. The Synoptic Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are treated in Volume I, and a second volume covering the remainder of the New Testament is promised before the new year.

One of the most important psychological texts in the history of philosophy is certainly Avicenna's concise little treatise on the existence and faculties of the soul. It took up the Aristotelian and Platonic systems and classifications, recast them in a queer combination, and was very largely formative of Muslim thought on the subject. Thus it may be said to have stated the standard Arabic position on the functions of the brain; other systems might diverge, but they were philosophically heretical, more or less. In mediæval Europe it was also formative in Latin versions; through it Chaucer could speak of Arcite's "celle fantasyk." But the only accessible form of it for non-Arabists has hitherto been Landauer's German version hidden away in vol. xxix. of the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society. It seems worth notice, therefore, that an English version has now been published by Dr. E. A. van Dyck ("A Compendium on the Soul," by . . . Ibn Sina. Verona: 1906. Pp. 94). Dr. van Dyck translates very literally, as he has in mind students in Egyptian schools, but his version will be generally intelligible. To the references on Avicenna he might have added Shahrastani's extended treatment as translated by Haarbrücker ("Religionspartheien," ii. 213-332); De Boer's book, also, which he mentions, is in German, not Dutch.

In his "Enigmas of Psychical Research," Dr. James H. Hyslop was occupied with certain abnormal or supernatural psychical events, which, although as he supposed attested by competent witnesses, were as yet incapable of explanation. In his new vol-

ume, "Borderland of Psychical Research" (Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.), he deals with certain abnormal phenomena which have been or which can be explained. Among them are illusions, hallucinations, frauds of the medium, and self-deceptions of the credulous. He explains certain hallucinations and apparitions by changes confined to the organs of sense, which have no extra-organic cause. He traces the history of spiritualism, and maintains that the contempt of philosophers, not the inherent absurdity of its claims, has put it so completely in the hands of charlatans. He notices also the mistakes made by observers, owing to the dexterity and the tricks of false mediums. But the discussions contained in these 400 pages and more, are long and diffuse; and the "Enigmas," his earlier work, is more entertaining by reason of its naïveté and credulity. Those who are interested in the issue between parallelism and interactionism should read Dr. Hyslop's chapter on "Mind and Body." He opposes the former theory, and presents some strong reasons for believing that there is a causal relation between the psychical and the physical. Since the book is written for "the laity," we refrain from wondering why so much old psychological lumber has been put into Dr. Hyslop's earlier chapters.

Many years ago Budget Meakin determined to do for Morocco what Lane had done for Egypt in his "Modern Egyptians." Thence came a three-volume thesaurus of really great value and one fatal defect. Mr. Meakin had, evidently, not thought it worth while to learn Arabic thoroughly as Lane had done; he contented himself with learning to talk the Moroccan dialect after a fashion. His information, therefore, wherever it touched upon book knowledge, was fantastic and unreliable, though his eye and instinct for life were evidently keen and his industry great. It is natural then that his last book, "Life in Morocco" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), as a series of sketches should be more uniformly successful. Barring a few unlucky wanderings into Arabic, its pictures and impressions, dashed in, it is true, in a broad, exclamatory style, are very vivid, interesting, and substantially correct. The spirit of the life of the masses, too, has been caught, though of that of the educated and learned, after Moorish fashion, there is not a sign. Mr. Meakin might, perhaps, say that there is no learned, educated side to Moroccan life, but that is hardly so. There are students of theology, canon law, poetry, and history still. Instructive, but not so brightly interesting, are the inevitable chapters on the political situation, the moral—probably sound—of which seems to be, Don't believe anything in the newspapers about Morocco. The last chapters are short views of Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Spain, as contrasted with Morocco. The French colonizing method in Algeria—to make of it an "Africa Provincia" or "Afrique Mineure"—the modification of this in Tunis on more English lines, the Turkish rule in Tripoli, are well brought out. The chapter on Moorish remains in Spain is the weakest; everything in it has been said and said again. The illustrations are all good.

It marks an improvement in the requirements for the doctor's degree in our universities when, instead of a dissertation

laboring, as is often the case, some insignificant point in early English phonology, candidates for that degree are permitted to present as a proof of their capacity an edition of a work of some standard writer—especially in the older periods. The change unquestionably means a gain for the culture of the individual student, and, so we believe, is in the interests of scholarship in general. An example of a recent "thesis" (if we may extend the meaning of the term) of this character is Ezra Lehman's edition of "The Tragedie of Chabot Admirall of France," by George Chapman and James Shirley, which has appeared among the publications of the University of Pennsylvania (1906) as vol. x. of the Series in Philology and Literature. The edition consists of an exact reprint in every particular of the original quarto of 1639 (of which the university possesses a copy), without change of punctuation or even of passages obviously corrupt. In a well-written introduction prefixed to the text of the play the editor discusses the relation of its plot to Pasquier's "Recherches de la France" (1621), the only source hitherto identified—also the question who bore the chief part in the composition of the play. His conclusion that Shirley merely revised Chapman's work is manifestly correct. On the other hand, the editor is not very happy in his explanation why this play failed on the stage. "The first four acts," he says, "have all the elements of serious comedy; there is nothing in them to prepare for the tragic scene of the fifth act." This is stretching the use of the term "comedy" with a vengeance. As a matter of fact, if the first four acts had been comedy, provided they were good comedy, the men of Chapman's time would not have bothered about the rest. The real cause for the failure, however, lies on the surface, viz., that Chapman was deficient in every quality of a good dramatist. In this play there is far too much talking in proportion to action; the characters, with the possible exception of Chabot, are mere shadows, and the language, though habitually elevated and often even beautiful, is too involved and labored to suit a popular audience. In the formal speeches of the trial scenes Chapman's dramatic incompetence is most apparent. The editor has given only a few notes to the text and even of these some are very elementary. In this respect the edition appears to great disadvantage when compared with the editions of Ben Jonson's plays in the corresponding Yale series, even after allowance is made for the different character of the works of the two authors.

Just what is being accomplished in post-graduate research in Columbia, particularly in the Department of Germanics, may be seen in Dr. John Louis Kind's thesis, "Edward Young in Germany," issued by the Columbia University Press. Young, though at times a wearisome personality, has always been of interest to the student of German literature, because of his contemporary repute and the influence which he exerted on many writers in Germany. Dr. Kind, sometime Carl Schurz fellow in German at Columbia, has apparently well surveyed the field. Chapter I. deals with Young's relation to early English writers of the eighteenth century, and

gives an outline and a critical consideration of the "Conjectures on Original Composition." Chapter II., taking up the "Conjectures" in Germany, gives a general survey of German thought on original composition prior to 1760, notes the translations of 1760 and 1787, the *Litteraturbriefe* and the Idea of Originality (1759-65), picks out the same theme in the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, and discusses Hamann and Herder and their attitude toward Young. Chapter III. contains an historical survey of the "Night Thoughts" in Germany, and sets forth its influence on the Swiss School, the didactic poets, Gottsched and his followers, the philosophical poets, and the Göttingen *Dichterbund*. Some thirty-two well-known authors are considered in detail, not to mention those of lesser fame. A part of the chapter of unusual interest is that devoted to the reaction against the "Night Thoughts." Wieland, who early fed on Young, rejected him later; Lessing and Herder also cooled in their admiration for the English poet, and even Goethe, who wrote to his sister in 1766 that he had learned much English from studying Young, and who reflected Young in his "Werther," forsook him later. The other works of Young and their audience in Germany are also presented, and there is a bibliography. The book is printed in the simplified spelling.

Books on bridge whist are as thick as the autumn leaves. The latest are "Dalton's Complete Bridge" (New York: Stokes & Co.), and "Bridge Abridged" (New York: Duffield & Co.). In the former there is little variation from the many that have preceded, except that Mr. Dalton, in writing on the discard, makes the astonishing statement that American opinion is about equally divided between discarding from strength or weakness. He makes some good arguments in favor of strength, and then cavalierly dismisses them with the statement that "they are not convincing." They appear, however, to be better than his own in favor of the discard from weakness. In "Bridge Abridged," Annie Blanche Shelby follows in general the beaten track, but differs from Mr. Dalton on the question of discard, declaring herself in favor of strength.

"The Arab Horse," by Spencer Borden (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.), is an interesting history of the animal, both on his native heath and in the countries to which he has been exported. Considerable space is given to the Arabs in America; and their pedigrees and history are interesting to the lovers of the breed.

An important work in a new field of American bibliography is Charles T. Harbeck's "Contribution to the Bibliography of the United States Navy," just from the press. The bibliography now printed had its beginning (Mr. Harbeck says in his Preface) in the collecting of titles of books not in his possession, with the view of adding these books to his library. The volume which now appears is based, primarily, on Mr. Harbeck's own collection, but with copious additions. He has had the assistance of Miss Agnes C. Doyle of the Boston Public Library and of Axel Mothe of the New York Public Library, who have added titles from those two great collections. Though of lesser interest to

the reading public and to the book collector, the various publications on the navy by the different departments of the Government are actually of the greatest importance to the student or historian. The lists of United States documents are very full. The lists of naval registers are the most complete and accurate yet printed. In a first work of this kind there are certain to be numerous omissions, how numerous or important only use will determine. Although the 1865 reprint of "Two Letters from W. Graves, Esq.; respecting the Conduct of Rear-Admiral Graves in North America during his Accidental Command there for Four Months in 1781" is recorded, the original edition, printed in 1781 or 1782, is not. The Battle of Lake Erie has a separate section, and several entries refer to the dispute between Commodore Perry and Capt. J. D. Elliott, but the "Review of a Pamphlet purporting to be Documents in Relation to the Differences which subsisted between the late Commodore Oliver H. Perry and Capt. Jesse D. Elliott, By a Citizen of Massachusetts, Boston, 1843" has been overlooked. A number of titles of books by Commodore Goldsborough have been entered, but not his "Reply to an Attack made upon the Navy of the United States by Samuel Coues, Portsmouth, 1845." Nor do we find the original pamphlet by Samuel Coues, which brought forth the reply. According to Sabin this was a thin tract of eight pages published in Boston by the American Peace Society with the title "United States Navy. What Is Its Use? By Samuel E. Coues." One of the rarest of books on the Navy in the Revolution, the Narrative of Nathaniel Fanning, has also been omitted. As first published it had the title: "A Narrative of the Adventures of an American Navy Officer, who served during part of the American Revolution under Paul Jones. New York, 1806." The first issue is without the author's name. Two years later the title was reprinted, and in this later issue it reads: "Memoirs of the Life of Captain Fanning, an American Naval Officer, who served during Part of the American Revolution under . . . Commodore John Paul Jones. New York, 1808." The book is a large octavo of 256 pages, in large, clear type, with wide margins, in an edition of 350 copies. The compiler, for his personal use, will be glad to know of additional titles relating to the United States Navy which are not included in his Bibliography. Inquiries may be addressed to Charles T. Harbeck, No. 32 Broadway, New York.

The city of Berlin has inherited from the lately deceased book-dealer, Cohn, a valuable Shakspeare bibliography, which, however, is still fragmentary, although Cohn had given the titles of more than 30,000 books and articles. The authorities of the city have determined to complete this list, and the managers of the city libraries at a late meeting made arrangements with the indefatigable German Shakspeare Society to have the work done. Ten or twelve years' work will probably be required for this task.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London will sell the library of the Duke of Sutherland at auction November 19 to 24. The 1,787 lots, however, include few items which can be considered of the first class.

Among those likely to interest American collectors are the following:

Coryat's "Crudities," first edition, 1611, a large copy, but with the Strasburg clock, as usual, slightly cut into.

Davenant's "Gondibert," the 4th edition, 1651 (the 8vo of the same date is generally considered the first), having an original signed poem by Sir John Denham on the fly-leaf.

Esquemeling's "Bucaniers of America," 1684, first edition, and with the fourth part published in 1685.

"The Spectator," "The Examiner," "The Guardian," and "The Englishman," all in the original folio numbers.

Florio's "First Fruits," 1578, and his "Second Fruits," 1591, both first editions.

Froissart's "Cronycles," translated by Lord Berners, the first edition in English, printed by Richard Pynson; the first volume in 1523, the second in 1525.

A series of Gould's books on birds, described as an original subscriber's copy.

Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," second edition, printed by Thomas Berthelet, 1554.

Higden's "Polycricon," the edition printed by Peter Treveris in 1527.

Vol. I. of Ben Jonson's "Workes," 1616; first edition, large paper, but with one sheet supplied from a smaller copy.

A Third Folio Shakspeare, 1664, described as "a perfect and very sound and clean copy, but shortish and outside margins of two of the preliminary leaves cut close."

An English manuscript on vellum of the fourteenth century, containing a poem, "Speculum Vitæ or Mirror of Life," composed by Richard Rolle of Hampole, who died in 1349.

The family of the late Herman Melville, author of "Typee," "Moby Dick," etc., are collecting materials for a memoir and would be grateful if any persons having letters by him would lend them to Miss Elizabeth Melville, "The Florence," Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York. Such letters will be carefully kept and promptly copied and returned.

Waldo G. Leland of the Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C., and Prof. William E. Dodd of Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., are endeavoring to collect for publication the letters of Chief Justice Marshall. Since comparatively few Marshall papers are known to have been preserved—except those in the Library of Congress—it becomes necessary to "rake the country" for the remnants of a correspondence that must have covered a period of nearly fifty years. Any one who has knowledge of the existence of Marshall letters will confer a favor by reporting the fact to either Mr. Leland or Professor Dodd.

The literary remains of Theodor Mommsen, as reported by the *Nationalzeitung* in Berlin, have, recently been put into the possession of the Royal Library in that city. Of chief interest among these papers are four large chests of letters, which Mommsen declared should not be published till thirty years after his death. To these letters received by Mommsen the library will try to add as many as possible of the thousands which he himself wrote. This collection of material will throw much light on the political and literary history of the last fifty years.

The annual report of the Boston Public Library, just issued, offers some striking contrasts to that of the New York Library; which was summarized in the *Nation* of October 18. The New York Library gained 115,851 volumes; Boston, 7,883; in New York the increase of registered borrowers was 101,161; in Boston, 3,450; in New York

the gain in circulation for home use was 1,061,128; in Boston there was a loss of 594. When, however, the difference in population is taken into account, it will be seen that the Boston Library is still ahead in relative resources and work done. To equal the per capita circulation for Boston the New York Public Library must add more than a million to its present circulation; and to supply this city with books in the same ratio to population as in Boston, the New York Library must increase its present stock of books threefold. In current fiction the Boston Library confines its purchases to books of the highest merit according to a rather conservative standard. This policy has been justified; for, as the report says, "the experience of several years has shown that nearly all of the works of fiction which for various reasons we have found it impossible to buy, have failed to demonstrate their ability to live for even a few months. The demand for some of them was insistent for a short time; now their names are for the most part forgotten, and nobody cares to read them. If we had purchased a considerable number of these volumes, the money, so far as present demand is concerned, would have been wasted." Out of the year's total output of fiction, only 161 titles were accepted. From these titles, 1,230 volumes were bought, costing \$1,260. The total expenditure for all books was \$34,460.

The recent annual report of the City Library of Berlin shows that the average German takes more kindly to solid reading than the American. Of the 45,129 volumes carried home, no less than 22,327 were of a strictly scientific character, history and biography leading, with 4,088 works. The tendency in this direction is apparently growing. The percentage of scientific works this year was 33, while a year ago it was only 31. These data are significant, as 52 per cent. of the readers belong to the working classes, and the educated and professional classes constitute a very small proportion of those drawing books.

Dean Andrew F. West of Princeton has decided to abide by his present duties as director of the Graduate School, but the moral value of his call to the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology remains. It confirms, as we have pointed out, the late Francis Walker's belief that scientific education should also be liberal, and it sets a precedent which trustees of technical schools must consider for the future. It may be inferred that Dean West would hardly have refused so attractive an offer if he had not had assurances that the Princeton Graduate School would be rapidly developed in a university direction.

The idea of an international exchange of professors is being applied on a large scale by the city of Hamburg in the arrangement of its academic winter course, which has now been enlarged to cover many of the departments of a full university. Hamburg has secured the services of five foreign scholars: Prof. J. H. B. Masterman, Birmingham, who lectures on Robert Browning; Professor Rosset, Grenoble, the poetry of the Romance languages, and especially Victor Hugo; Dr. W. H. Tolman, New York, industrial reform movements in America; Consul Dr. Solé y Radriguez, Uru-

guay, the export trade and industry of his native land; and Miss Gelati, Italy, on the literary movements in Italy. It is proposed in the course of a few years to establish in this commercial metropolis of Germany a fully equipped university.

The Leinster Training College for Irish will soon be opened in Dublin for the purpose of promoting the study of the modern spoken language and training teachers for primary and secondary schools. The School of Irish Learning, founded several years ago by Dr. Kuno Meyer and others, is chiefly devoted to the study of Old and Middle Irish texts.

RECENT VERSE.

"The Two Arcadias," by Rosalind Travers (Brimley Johnson & Ince), is that rare thing, an altogether readable first volume of verse. Miss Travers has an exuberant poetic fancy; she has a great deal of literature—though she imitates methods rather than effects; and she has true poetic humor. The opening piece, which chiefly gives the atmosphere of the little book, is a dramatic phantasy entitled "Arcady in Peril." To Silvio and Phoebe, engaged in woodland love-making in the Arcadian fashion of strict poetic tradition, enter two cockneys, Albert and Maria, attended by a chorus of "trippers." The sharp contrast between the old ideal and the present reality makes possible some entertaining business between the four, including the conventional interchange of lovers. Phoebe thereupon invokes Diana's aid:

O Forest Queen!

Hear from thy dreamy bowers
Far in the secret, cool, and winding glen,
Where quenched sunbeams fall in sparkling show-
ers

(Dark boughs between)

On strange and starry flowers,
Azure and silver-streaked, unknown of men,

Hear, and give aid, O Queen!

By the moorland, wild and wide,
On the sunny mountain-side;
By the torrent, cool as snow,
Murmuring to the fields below;
By the pinewoods, breathing balm;
By the moonbeam's holy calm;
By all nature's joys, that be
Tameless, strong and pure as thee,

Hear, and give aid, O Queen!

Diana naturally gives heed to so melodious an incantation and promises her succor. A monster is introduced, which Silvio takes to be a dragon, but Maria, his moment's paramour, undeceives him:

Sil. Ye gods!!—there is a fearful dragon yonder!

Mar. O-o-ooh! Where?

Sil. On the near highway—his squat and bulky scarlet form rests on four short, gray paws—his huge eyes glare—the earth shakes at his breath—oh, terror!—oh, hideous monster!

Mar. Let me see, though—let me see! (Scrambling up the mound.) Why, you silly cuckoo, it's nothing but a motor-car!

Silvio refuses to "touch the accursed thing," which is "too loathly-formed, too vile." Maria thereupon returns to Albert, and they make off with the motor. It blows up, in accordance with the goddess's plan of vengeance, hurling the trippers far cityward; and Silvio is restored to the arms of Phoebe in a reestablished Arcady. The piece then concludes with a significant chorus of nymphs:

Where the hues of sunset fall,
Where the sky is primrose-pale,

And the silver moon hangs low;
Faint and, few the starry gleams,
'Tis the land of fancy-dreams:
Thither, mortals, let us go!

Westward burns the splendid sky;
There's the Realm of Poesy,
Sought of many, found of few.
In that lambent air and fire
Fragile-winged thoughts expire;
Withered, drop to earth anew.

But to Fancy's paler sphere
Ye may journey free of fear,
Even as our light verses fly.
Ye have wings, though cramped and small;
Fancy-flights upbear you all;
Mortals! spread your wings and try!

Miss Travers was particularly discreet in choosing to draw her pastoral air from the artificial Arcadias of Ramsay, Milton, and Sidney, thus limiting herself resolutely within the sphere of Fancy. And fantastic as the fable is, it is made poetically convincing by the delicate *flair* of the author.

The second of the two Arcadias is found in "The Suburbiad," a celebration in the manner and metre of Pope of

Mammon's gay mistress crowned,
The willing nymph Suburbia.

The hectic, gaudy life of climbing suburbs is pictured with a metrical neatness and a firmness of satiric tone that, coming after the long disuse of the *genre*, have an effect of pleasing novelty. But a deeper poetic spirit moves under the satirical surface than one at first suspects: as we near the end, we come upon a passage which, read in connection with some of the shorter and less whimsical pieces in the volume, gives high hopes of poetic pleasure from Miss Travers's future work.

Yet many a City man may slowly fare
Riverward, seeking peace and twilight there.
But all in vain pale dreams of far delight
Steal o'er the dusky violet-beds of night;
While great elms slumber in the meadows gray,
And the white moon begins her tranced way.
For still his anxious purpose never leaves
The hope of gain; still cunning nets he weaves
To catch the elusive gold; dark webs that lie
Sad o'er the thought, and cloud the wistful eye.

"Ah, could I plunge deep in some quiet river!
And rise, newborn in splendid strength, to shiver
The old, unshapely life to pieces! tear
Away the tawdry vain-delight; lay bare
The waste of years, the wrong of mean desires
and sordid care!

Then build the home anew, on pillars firm;
Of comradeship and trust which years confirm;
With simple joys and kindly neighborhood,
And general labor for the common good!"
Thus will the sad, suburban father dream;
Resting his gaze upon the cool, slow stream.

Then, breaking the couplet's bonds—

Look up, O men!
Shut in with little miseries, futile task,
And meanest self-inflicted care, arise!
Fling wide the dusty windows of your soul
On spring and sunshine, melody and mirth!
A newer morning breaks o'er field and town;
The sad air quickens; kindly gods are near!

The "Poems" of Anne Whitney, privately reprinted with some rearrangement, forty-eight years after their original publication, are a gracious echo from that *tempus acceptabile*, the transcendental period. One could hardly be young in New England in the thirties and forties and not write poetry, certainly not a person of Miss Whitney's temperament and receptivity. Her poems are full of the engaging agitation, the alert catholicity, the earnest joyousness of those eager emancipated years. The defects of the transcendental quality are hers too, and not a few of the pieces have a cer-

tain mystical prolixity that reminds us that they were written in the day of utterances. Yet Miss Whitney has, probably as the result of a vivid artistic temperament, a distinct quality of her own. In the concluding poem, the only new piece, we believe, in the volume, she is seen at her best:

Even as a rose,
Fulfilled of beauty and desire,
Lest fall its petals one by one,
The good day goes.
Subsides with mellower note the wave's long swell;

The twilight gathers in the dell,
And all hues melt in one. A small bird tops
His cedar on the cliff
And in the listening quiet of the copse
Trills forth his evensong.—'Tis evening's own—
The rest, the peace,
The strife of day outgrown.

We know the sign and heed the low command;
And hand in hand,
Bearing our treasure safe above the blight
And waste of years—the slow surcease
Of life's full fount—we journey free
With trust in the great Mystery
Toward the fast-coming night.

The easily-won, temperamental optimism, the gentle if somewhat thin piety, which marked the poetic work of Susan Coolidge and won many readers, is the most notable trait in her "Last Verses" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). How much may be attained without great heat of imagination, distinction of thought, or richness of style, by sensitive perceptions and a fluent and lucid manner, may be seen from these lines on Helen Keller:

Behind her triple prison-bars shut in
She sits, the whitest soul on earth to-day.
No shadowing stain, no whispered hint of sin,
Into that sanctuary finds the way.
There enters only clear and proven truth
Apportioned for her use by loving hands
And winnowed from all knowledge of all lands
To satisfy her ardent thirst of youth.

Like a strange alabaster mask her face,
Rayless and sightless, set in patience dumb,
Until like quick electric currents come
The signals of life into her lonely place;
Then, like a lamp just lit, an inward gleam
Flashes within the mask's opacity,
The features glow and dimple suddenly,
And fun and tenderness and sparkle seem
To irradiate the lines once dull and blind,
While the white slender fingers reach and cling
With quick imploring gestures, questioning
The mysteries and the meanings: to her mind

The world is not the sordid world we know;
It is a happy and benignant spot
Where kindness reigns, and jealousy is not,
And men move softly, dropping as they go
The golden fruit of knowledge for all to share.
And Love is King, and Heaven is very near,
And God to whom each separate soul is dear
Makes fatherly answer to each whispered prayer.
Ah, little stainless soul, shut in so close,
May never hint of doubt creep in to be
A shadow on the calm security
Which wraps thee, as its fragrance wraps a rose.

The title of William Byron Forbush's "Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is perhaps a little misleading. It is not so much a consecutive rendering of the words of Koheleth as an imaginative construction of the Rubaiyat he might have written, made by a very eclectic assembling of words, phrases, and images from the Scripture, woven to a single texture and skilfully colored and cadenced to resemble the manner of FitzGerald. It is none the less, despite some roughness, a successful bit of work—in its sympathetic insight as well as in its technical ability. The brooding, skeptical old poet, who has had the odd fortune to retain for so long a place among the canon-

ical writers, is well represented by such stanzas as these of "The Fullness of Life," based chiefly upon the ninth chapter of the book:

Above the endless Fury, Fever, Fret,
Above the grief of suns that rose and set,
The Silent One answers my ceaseless Quest
When I have learned one lesson—to forget.

So go thy way in garments white to dine,
And with rare ointments make thy visage shine.
Forget the Door of which He holds the Key,
But not the one which holds thy cherish'd wine.

"Drink! since to-morrow life may all be o'er?"
Nay, drink because to-morrow may bring more.
The voice may speak from out the brooding cloud,
A message waft us from the Silent Shore.

And seek to prove Life's solace year by year
With one whom thy fond heart may find most dear:

Her will may be the wind's will, yet to thee
The home-bound breeze that brings the Haven near.

She never has the Eternal Puzzle guest.
A portion has she borne; nor sought the Quest.
Ah! but the heaven of her patient arms,
Her little palms' soft hollows full of rest!

If we mistake not, all or nearly all of the poems in Richard Watson Gilder's "A Book of Music" (New York: The Century Co.) have already appeared in preceding collections of his work. Yet it was a fortunate thought that grouped them between covers. We have long held Mr. Gilder's interpretations of the moods of the listener to music to be his most distinctive and enduring work. This opinion is strengthened by the grouping. The concluding sequence, "Music in Solitude," "Music at Twilight," "Music in Moonlight," and "Music in Darkness," is poignant and lovely poetry, which, with very little of the *Andersstreben*, common in poems of music, weaves, nevertheless, a musical spell over the reader's mood.

"Panama Patchwork," by James Stanley Gilbert (Cooke), though handicapped by a high-erected "foreword" by Tracy Robinson, is a volume of interesting, if not at all memorable, verse. Mr. Gilbert's quality was that of a talented gentleman who writes with ease. Ease, indeed, as with his avowed master, John Payne, was often his undoing. Many times in his book we find the effect of some vivid exotic picture, some striking bit of sentiment or humorous conception, distorted by a lapse into fluent poetic commonplace. At his best, however, as in these first three stanzas of "A Frioles Washer-Girl" before the initial energy of concentration is dissipated in undue and ineffective detail and trite classical allusion, Mr. Gilbert's work is highly picturesque:

A dream in living bronze is she,
A dusky goddess full revealed;
Clad in Nature's modesty—
Her wondrous beauty unconcealed.

Half to her knee, the rushing stream
An instant pauses on its way;
The ripples in the sunshine gleam,
And tiny rainbows round her play.

Like the bamboo growing near
Within the tangled tropic glade;
As graceful as the startled deer
Half hidden in the distant shade.

"Night and Morning," by Katrina Trask (The John Lane Co.), is the story of the woman taken in adultery retold in picturesquely colored blank verse, with the imaginative addition of the personality of her lover, a "subtle Greek" Leonidas. As set forth by the author in "The Argument," the

purpose of the piece is to elucidate the divorce problem by maintaining the "higher, inner law of love itself which in itself is the highest freedom," and which is "a Beatitude rather than a Law." The poem is not very explicit in its embodiment of the argument, and there is some contradiction. The meaning seems to be the rather hazy one that the higher love being a state of Beatitude demands the renunciation of human relations—though just how this bears upon the crux of marital infelicity does not clearly appear. The mood of the poem is admirable throughout, and the workmanship respectable.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Dragon Painter. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Unfortunately, statistics are hardly attainable as to the actual proportion of fond little Japanese maidens who have been willing victims to the triumphant allurements of large, inconsiderate foreign lovers. In the Japanese stories we read—usually written by ourselves—this theme is so prevalent that our general conception of love in Japan might be visualized by a collapsed female figure weeping in the wake of a departing steamer. Mrs. Fenollosa, in her study of the artistic temperament in Japan, entirely avoids this hackneyed subject. "The Dragon Painter" is smoothly told, full of careful and satisfactory descriptions. It also gives an idea of contemporary Japan, a Japan of enterprising daily papers, whose print makers hang about old Kano's gate, endeavoring to snatch a likeness of his famous son-in-law.

Kano himself is in the uncomfortable position of the enthusiastic artist who suddenly finds himself cast for the rôle of hide-bound ignoramus by the discovery of a genius at once greater and more untrammelled than himself. Since Kano adores this Katsuo and only wishes to instruct and cherish him, it is not a public discomfiture, but merely a case of complete, unconscious blanketing. To secure the genius (lacking a son of his own) Kano marries the wild mountain lad to his own carefully brought-up daughter. Instead of barely suffering this alliance from filial piety, Umè-to falls undutifully, not to say indecorously, in love with her husband, and the pair have so pleasant a honeymoon that no earthly power will induce the genius to get back to his brushes.

The most interesting part of Mrs. Fenollosa's story is her description of the painter, his feeling toward his art, and towards the foreign invasion. If the rest of the book contains nothing particularly striking, it is at least one more able revelation of the spell which Nippon never fails to cast upon the conquering stranger.

Beyond the Rocks. By Elinor Glyn. New York: Harper & Brothers.

All the parents who were in doubt about letting their débutante daughters browse upon "The Visits of Elizabeth" may turn them loose upon "Beyond the Rocks" without a twinge of misgiving. Laying aside satire and cynicism, Elinor Glyn tells a straightforward love story of the kind specially suited to young ladies in their teens. This statement must, however,

be qualified by a confession that the spotless Theodora is kissed, and vulgarly speaking, hugged, on several occasions by her irresistible lover, Lord Bracondale. Nevertheless, as her invincible goodness transforms him from a thorough-paced Lovelace into a patient and considerate Ritter Toggenburg, the impression left by her history is one of unflawed discretion. Her sweetness furthermore transforms Josiah Brown, her plebeian husband, into as fine a gentleman as King Mark of Cornwall; and after exactly the suitable amount of despair, danger, and nobility on the part of the lovers, Josiah opportunely succumbs to a trifling ailment.

The curious fact about this story is that it should ring so very old-fashioned, not in theme—since an innocent young girl sacrificed by rapacious relatives belongs to all time—but in manner and treatment. The witty and frivolous pen of "The Visits of Elizabeth" has quite lost its Gyp-like audacity. Unfortunately, with the audacity, the sparkle also evaporated. The light touch, the exaggerated modernity, have vanished with the malice, till ladies who once thrilled over the "Duchess" may (with the assurance that Elinor Glyn's syntax is more solid) feel no apprehension when they see their young daughters similarly thrilling over the temptations and triumphs of the lovely Theodora.

The Call of the Blood. By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper & Bros.

Not long ago we were hearing much from persons who for one reason or other read many novels, of a story by Robert Hichens called "The Garden of Allah." Here at last, we gathered, was a work of real importance, something which could be counted on to arrest the attention of the most indifferent or the most skeptical. We read it with care, and were disheartened to find that it could not do for us what it had apparently done for others. We found here and there descriptive passages which were undoubtedly "vivid" and picturesque. Elsewhere we found a pomp of phrase and portentousness of mien which at second glance appeared to be empty—like a brocade supported by its own stiffness, and really containing nothing human. The tale and the persons, like the style, seemed hollow inventions. Yet we observed many earnest people applying a reverent ear to this artificial shell, and announcing that they heard the ocean.

The "Call of the Blood" is in many ways a better book—a sincere book, if not a great one. It contains less speech, and more matter. The emotional tone is less forced, and the utterance less strained and oracular. We are not expected to gasp at every scene or thrill at every situation. A Southern setting is again employed. An Englishwoman, past her first youth, marries a young Mercury, nominally English, whose temperament is really determined by a strain of Sicilian blood. At the bride's instance, they go to Sicily for their honeymoon. Presently, being a person with an advanced sense of duty, she leaves him to nurse an old friend, a man whom she might have married. The bridegroom is sufficiently magnanimous to approve of this act; but, left to himself, he listens to "the call of the blood," seduces a peasant girl, and is killed by her father. This

consummation hardly amounts to tragedy, for the culprit is not so much a person as a temperamental victim of heredity. He does not greatly engage the sympathies, and the details of his error rather pall in the rehearsal. Nor are Mr. Hichens's erotic touches grateful to a normal palate; they smack of that sentimental voluptuousness which has marred and, one fears, popularized not a few modern novels of merit; for example, those of James Lane Allen.

In the end one is impressed with the fact that the true theme of this story is not suggested by its title. As a study of true friendship it is worthy of note. The faun-like hero, whose acquired sense of duty, whose true affection even, is not proof against the working of inherited temperament, is hardly more than a foil for the contained virtue of the friends who suffer by his existence.

The Cruise of the Violetta. By Arthur Colton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Arthur Colton has in the past proved himself too accomplished a story teller to turn out with impunity a bit of fooling so mediocre as "The Cruise of the Violetta." He writes admirably, sees and describes with unusual charm, and possesses a marked and delightful sense of fun. But in this case the humor is forced. He approaches the ticklish realm of burlesque with too great cocksureness. After a beginning as promising as the opening to "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (a conscientious, Presbyterian lady from the Middle West scotching a Haytian revolution with knock-out drops is worthy of Stockton at his pleasantest) the pace is not kept up. Or, to be exact, the story turns into a sort of musical comedy libretto, in which the comic intention is more apparent than the achievement. By the time that Mrs. Mink has settled the affairs of Hayti, outridden a tornado, married the doctor, spanked (vicariously) a Kanaka king (incidentally settling a bout of Polynesian politics), picked up an orphan in the Malay Archipelago, buncoed and kidnapped a high-class Hindu fakir, and taken a hand in the electric light system (and revolution) in a small South American seaport, you are fully convinced of Mr. Colton's cosmopolitanism, but rather tired of fantastic adventure.

After reading "The Cruise of the Violetta," to regain faith in Mr. Colton's ability and intention, one has, however, only to read, or re-read, his earlier volume, "The Belted Seas."

Princess Maritza. By Percy Brebner. New York: T. J. McBride & Son.

The hero of Mr. Brebner's "Princess Maritza" is an English officer, who, convicted, unjustly, of course, of cheating at cards, is cashiered and turns his back on his country to dedicate his sword as a soldier of fortune to the service of the King of Wallaria. This small but important State, which may be supposed to stand for Serbia or Bulgaria, since its affairs rivet the attention of all the European cabinets, has all the equipment of a novel of the type of "The Prisoner of Zenda": a stupid puppet of a king, an intriguing queen, a lovely pretender to the throne, the copper-haired Princess Maritza, and, not least,

the reckless English captain of horse. The incidents are numerous though unconvincing, the streets run with blood, the best-dressed and most frivolous women of the court turn out to be expert diplomats, more than a match for a seasoned English ambassador, and mysterious signals are given from every house and street corner. But all this may be present and one thing be lacking. The personages do not live, we are indifferent to their fates, and when a lovely countess dies, in the main square, a case of heroic self-sacrifice, we feel that we could have watched the heroine fall instead, without a qualm. This is not so with the Seraphinas and Flavias of the masters of this type of fiction.

The German Workman: A Study in National Efficiency. By W. H. Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Agitation of the "fiscal question" in Great Britain has had at least one wholesome effect; it has marvellously stimulated interest in the economic and social policies of those countries which are felt to be her chief rivals in the contest for the markets of the world. Of this fact William Harbutt Dawson's useful volume is the latest and not least significant bit of evidence.

Unlike Ashley's "Progress of the German Working Classes," the book is not concerned with the industrial effects of the German tariff; nor does it, like Shadwell's "Industrial Efficiency," deal broadly with all important factors in national economic progress. Confining himself to the social legislation by which for a generation past the Germans have sought to guarantee workers a tolerable standard of living, Mr. Dawson undertakes to investigate the methods employed and results achieved, to the end that his own countrymen may profit by the experience of their redoubtable competitor. Previous study had qualified him thoroughly for his task, and he has produced a volume which, if not attractively written, is probably the most convenient guide for English readers who would venture into the mazes of German *Sozialpolitik*.

One's head fairly swims as one contemplates the various and complicated institutions which a paternal Government has created for the benefit of the working classes. Decent housing for the married laborer, temporary shelter for the homeless, hospitals for the sick, convalescent homes to insure a permanent cure, crusades against such plagues as tuberculosis, medical treatment for children in the schools—these are some of the provisions designed to promote health and industrial efficiency. Public employment bureaus, lodging-houses for the entertainment of travelling workmen, labor colonies for travellers who do not desire to find work, insurance against unemployment, relief works for the actually unemployed, and information bureaus for those who need nothing but seasonable advice, cooperate in keeping able-bodied men from becoming public charges. When these agencies fail, there are the poor laws, which, although not perfect, are administered by men of intelligence and practical sense; and not, as often in England, by persons "without special qualifications, who join boards of guardians for the mere pleasure of over-assessing their neighbors' property and under-assessing their own."

But further than this, as we all know, German legislation provides insurance, on a national scale, against sickness, accident, and old age; and it is upon these topics that Mr. Dawson's volume is disappointing. Since the beneficiaries of the industrial insurance laws are now numbered by the tens and scores of millions, and the system in some of its branches has been in operation long enough to enable one to estimate fairly the results, there is opportunity here for a more searching investigation than any foreign observer has yet made of the actual outcome of the legislation by which Bismarck sought to outbid the Social Democrats. German writers, it is true, assure us that the results of compulsory insurance have been generally favorable; and there is no reason to doubt the intelligence and honesty of their reports. But it is to be wished that some one who can write with more detachment would undertake a searching, first-hand study of the entire problem. Our own Prof. Henry W. Farnum has made one or two successful forays into this field; and it is to be regretted that Mr. Dawson did not essay something of the sort. Instead of this, however, he gives us merely a conventional summary of the provisions of the law, and describes the machinery through which it operates.

Our author is not blind to the possible dangers of the experiments which Germany has tried; neither, it is fair to say, are some of the Germans, who have shown no little "horse sense" in administering undertakings which approach very closely the danger line. In Frankfurt, for instance, where it has become the established policy to provide "relief" work in seasons of unemployment, the town council has deliberately avoided committing itself to the doctrine that the municipality should find work for all its citizens. It proceeds consistently on the theory that the relief work is undertaken simply "to prevent any extensive call for public relief," and denies that its obligations extend any further than such safeguarding of its financial interests. Nor does Mr. Dawson allow his reader to suppose that every arrangement which works well in Germany would operate equally well in Great Britain; on the contrary, he never fails to make due allowance for differences in national temperament, institutions, and inherited traditions. Yet, upon the whole, his verdict is distinctly favorable to the work which the Germans have been pushing with persistence and intelligence for a full generation. He believes that in social legislation, as well as in science or technology, Great Britain has much to learn from Germany; and his book should bring not a few of his countrymen to a hopefully receptive frame of mind.

Lectures on Modern History. By Lord Acton. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.

The late Regius Professor of History at Cambridge has been so lauded by those who came under his influence that it is perhaps worth while to inquire what should be the exact measure of his praise. For such an inquiry, the volume before us

will serve as a convenient starting point. In the first place, then, it may be asked, How great a scholar was he? To answer the question a standard must be adopted, and as to gauge Acton the highest will be necessary, we may select Mommsen for the purpose. The component factors of Mommsen's worth may be said to have been erudition, criticism, expression. In each one of these he was great; great in learning, great in critical sense, great in literary output. But now, what of Acton? In erudition he was, if not the equal of Mommsen, yet unquestionably great; in critical sense he was weak; in production—we have the present book and the promise of another course of lectures, in book form.

Leaving his critical faculty and literary output for the moment, it must, however, be added that Acton's chief merit was one just alongside of the scholar's work—his influence on others. His curious personality and burning enthusiasm aroused attention and inspired effort. Crowds of interested listeners nearly elbowing the undergraduates out of his lecture room; while his former students, among whom are the editors of this volume, have continuously voiced their admiration. One of the most brilliant and enthusiastic, John Pollock, has put it on record that one of Acton's lectures "was, in truth, an emotional performance of the first order; . . . a wonderful work of art." There was his strength; he struck the imagination of his hearers.

Acton was not, however, a critic. It was his vast store of accumulated details that kept him near truth, not his critical sense. His Roman education had subtly warped his mind, so that when he revolted from the decisions of the Vatican Council, he was yet unable to free himself from the dull burden of Authority. He was, in fact, a living paradox, and perhaps that explains why his mind turned so constantly to epigram for relief from the restraint under which it suffered. At their best his flashes of wit were charged with the very essence of historical thought; at their worst they were an intellectual bad habit. At their best we have the already famous dictum from the letters to Mary Gladstone, that the Council of Trent erected the dogma of an austere immorality; at their worst we find, in the volume now under review, such statements as the following on Peter the Great and Frederick William I.: "Without the first Europe might be French, and without the other it might be Russian."

And lastly, as to Acton's literary output. His letters to Mary Gladstone constitute one of the most remarkable and stimulating volumes of correspondence published of recent years, but correspondence cannot be treated as the chief product of a scholar. His admirers have been anxious that his name should be associated with something more directly representative, and the two very competent editors of this volume have set to work to elaborate these "Lectures on Modern History" from the notes of one of the courses he delivered at Cambridge. The result is, on the whole, disappointing, and the reasons for this are not far to seek. To begin with, notes for lectures generally make poor books, and it is

so in this case. Again, the subject is too large for the space in which it is treated, and suffers from overcompression. For in nineteen lectures, Acton covers modern history from the fall of Constantinople to the framing of our Constitution in 1787. This need for compression, coupled with his almost morbid desire for stating generalities, produces occasionally whole paragraphs in which history gets strangely distorted; of these, perhaps, the most conspicuous example is the last paragraph of the book, in which, within the space of six or seven lines, he commits himself to the following propositions: that our Civil War arose from the lack of a definition of State rights in the Constitution; that "weighed in the scales of Liberalism" the Constitution "was a monstrous fraud"; and that the principle of Federalism has made our present community more powerful, more free, and more intelligent than any other in the world; in all of which propositions, the reader will easily discern the dangers of hasty generalizing from part truths. In the lectures as a whole the stress is laid on the early period, the wars of religion; while the eighteenth century gets very little attention. This is doubtless owing to the fact that in his following course, on the French Revolution, Acton dealt largely with the movement of opinion in the years preceding. Running through the book may be traced the dominant phase of Acton's thought, that, from the Renaissance to the present day, the mainspring of Western history is the change from the superiority of religion over politics to that of politics over religion. As to this line of thought, pregnant though it be, the student may take this word of warning, that Acton was not at his strongest on questions of economics.

As to the editorial work, it should be noted that the editors do not vouchsafe one word about the text they have used; and that they make no attempt to correct the not infrequent errors of detail.

Tarry at Home Travels. By Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

Dr. Hale's new volume embraces with but little alteration the series of papers contributed to the *Outlook* under the same general title during the past two years. The literature of travel, he thinks, is noticeably scant in the section devoted to the United States. If we limit ourselves to formal books of travel, written by Americans, this may be true, but Dr. Hale's own effort to supply the gap contains ample proof that the literary traveller here at home is hard pressed to find much of an objective character that a well-informed reader has not already met with in one form or another. Formally, the volume is divided into sections dealing with the six New England States in order, New York, and Washington city. It is in the guide himself, however, and not in the localities visited or the historical incidents related, that the reader will find his chief interest. On the whole, we should classify the book rather with the stream of personal reminiscence that has been flowing out of New England so copiously of recent years than with the literature of travel strictly so called. On that score, however, the work loses none of its potential value.

One defect of the work we may illustrate by a quotation: "'A little college,' Daniel Webster said; 'but she has children who love her.'" Now that is just what Mr. Webster would have said if he had been Mr. Hale, but being Mr. Webster his words were, "It is, sir, as I have said, a small college." And yet there are those who love it." We would not overrate the importance of what is in itself a mere trifle, but it is typical of an inexactness against which one must always be on his guard in reading Dr. Hale, or any other writer who falls into the habit of drawing upon a richly stored memory without checking results by the aid of external authorities. There are nearly two hundred illustrations, on the whole well selected.

Drama.

Sir Henry Irving, a Biography. By Percy Fitzgerald. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

It is too soon yet to look for anything like an authoritative and judicial estimate of the histrionic genius of Henry Irving—for genius he undoubtedly possessed, though it was limited by arbitrary bounds. Already he has been the subject of a considerable mass of printed matter, but most of it has proceeded from enthusiastic eulogists, either intimate friends or interested scribblers. Mr. Fitzgerald belongs to the former category, and reveals the relationship clearly enough in many of his glowing periods; but he is not so blinded that he cannot see the spots upon his luminary. Moreover, he is a practised workman in biography, and his book gives a really comprehensive view of the actor's career. It would be better if it were a little more conservative and a little less discursive, but as a rule his selection of matter and his arrangement of it are both good, while his comment is generally pertinent and well informed.

Without indulging in repetition of wearisome details, he shows how much Irving was indebted for his mastery of the technical business of the stage to his long training in the old stock companies, and especially to his service, or rather servitude, in Dublin and Manchester. Bills were often changed half a dozen times a week, and it was a common thing for him to play three parts in an evening. He acted in pantomime, farce, comedy, and tragedy. Even then he attracted attention by the care he devoted to his make-up. He would spend his last penny to get a correct costume. From his earliest boyhood he frequented Sadler's Wells to study the acting and elocution of Phelps in Shakspeare. In earlier days his speech was almost entirely free from the tricks which disfigured it later. His first marked successes in London, as Chevenix, Rawdon Scudamore, and Digby Grant, were due to the minute finish of his work rather than inspiration. He was not suspected of having any peculiar power of emotional expression until he found himself, so to speak, in Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram" and in "The Bells"; and it is worthy of note that to the end of his career, in tragedy or melodrama, it was in the portrayal of the terrors of a guilty conscience that he chiefly excelled. His Louis

XI., Vanderdecken, Richard III., and Macbeth are cases in point. It is curious that Mr. Fitzgerald, generally a pretty sound critic, seems to prefer Coquelin's dull Mathias to Irving's imaginative conception.

Speaking of Irving's Macbeth, Mr. Fitzgerald notes that it underwent many changes. At first its moral and intellectual feebleness excited much derision. Later on it became firmer and bolder, though never a satisfactory impersonation. In reading the part on the platform he made it much more impressive. His Hamlet, although the cause of much controversy, was always popular. Mr. Fitzgerald regards Philip, in Tennyson's play, as one of his masterpieces in the portrayal of eccentric character. When the famous production of "The Merchant of Venice" was made, the event was celebrated by a great supper, at which many illustrious persons were present. An awkward situation was brought about by Lord Houghton, who, in a satirical speech, intimated that Shakspeare had been entirely eclipsed by the scenery. Irving parried the attack with smiling good temper, and thus averted what might have been a painful scene. Lord Houghton's complaint, according to Mr. Fitzgerald, would have been much more justifiable in the case of "Romeo and Juliet," when Shakspeare was, he says, literally "smothered in scenery." Irving's Romeo he describes as absolutely grotesque. His Iago, on the other hand, was, he says, one of the best things he ever did. He prefers it, apparently, to that of Edwin Booth, but his judgment in this case will not be generally accepted. Perhaps there is a little prejudice in it, for he intimates that Booth, who had been treated with great generosity by Irving, did not attempt to return the compliment when the English player was in the United States. It would be interesting to know whether Irving had any grievance on this score.

But it is impossible to note all the interesting points in Mr. Fitzgerald's pages. Only one or two more can be mentioned. It certainly is not generally known that "Twelfth Night" had a hostile reception when first presented at the Lyceum, and that Irving was forced to make a protest before the curtain. It appears that his Malvolio, an admirable conception, was quite misunderstood. That his Joseph Surface, played at a memorable benefit, was an utter failure, is not surprising. He tried to play it along new lines, and seems to have spoiled it utterly. Mr. Fitzgerald traces the beginning of Irving's decline to his separation from Ellen Terry. He draws a pathetic picture of the last few months of the great actor's life. Misfortune after misfortune overtook him. He lost his theatre, his great stores of scenery were burned, he was crushed by debt, and his health was failing. He was broken both in mind and spirit, but he struggled on courageously in the hope of making money enough to keep him in old age. In his prosperity he had been recklessly prodigal both of money and of strength, and in his need he had neither the one nor the other. Death was merciful, saved him from humiliation, and crowned him with honor in Westminster Abbey, before the memory of all his triumphs, theatrical and social, had begun to grow dim.

The new classic tragedy, "The Virgin Goddess," the first work of a new dramat-

ist, Rudolf Besier, which has just been produced at the London Adelphi, appears to be a remarkable work, in spite of some faults, largely due to youth and inexperience. It is, as we noted in our issue of October 25, written upon the lines of the old Greek plays; and it is said to be as interesting as it is bold and imaginative. Artis, a legendary city, is in peril of the enemy. Cresphontes, the king, is willing to make a disgraceful truce, but his Queen Althea and his people are all for resistance. Althea then sends for Hæphestion (*sic*), the exiled brother of her husband, who alone can reanimate the fainting troops. He returns, and as the king still insists upon capitulation, kills him. As the king's dead body is borne to the temple of Artemis, it is met by his mother, who calls for vengeance. She consents to pardon Hæphestion, however, if the deed was really done for love of country. In the next act there is but one scene; Althea and Hæphestion are alone, and the latter confesses that it was for her, and not for country, that he slew his brother. She reciprocates his passion, and both rejoice that there is nothing to bar their union. But Artemis, the Virgin Goddess of the city, will not permit the crime to go unpunished; she proclaims, through her oracle, that Cresphontes must be avenged, that Althea must be put to death by no other hand than that of Hæphestion, or Artis and all its people shall perish. Moreover, as the oracle, Hæphestion shall not stir from the altar until this vengeance be accomplished. In the fourth act Hæphestion is disclosed at the altar steps. The troops are clamoring for their leader; the enemy is advancing. But Hæphestion cannot move. Again and again he strides forward, defying Heaven; again and again he is paralyzed by an unseen force. Powerless as he is, he cries out that Artis may fall and all its people perish, but he will not slay the Queen. The contempt and rage of his mother and cries of the despairing women cannot change him. Not till Althea herself comes and tells him that this is the crown and glory of their love does he lead her within the temple, there to fulfil the decree of Fate. Soon he returns and announces, "The Queen is dead." At the words victory comes, and the enraptured people shout their joy. But he stands rigid, a figure of stone, and so the play ends. It seems to have been acted very finely. Miss Brayton was a noble figure as Althea; Miss Genevieve Warde acted the old blind Queen mother with wonderful effect; while Oscar Asche made Hæphestion heroic in his fierce love and furious despair. The representation, as a whole, seems to have been one of the most notable of recent events on the English stage.

Whatever degree of success—and it is likely to be considerable—awaits Arthur Conan Doyle's military romance, "Brigadier Gerard," which was produced in the Savoy Theatre of this city Monday evening, must be placed to the credit of Kyrle Bellew, who played the hero with a dash and grace which few, if any, of his younger contemporaries could equal. The play itself, although pretty well furnished with more or less picturesque incident, is but poor stuff dramatically, the plot being a mixture of very old stage materials, and the rough

machinery at times creaking rather dismally.

Charles Scribner's Sons publish in an attractive little volume three farces by Richard Harding Davis, "The Dictator," "The Galloper," and "Miss Civilization," all of which enjoyed a considerable measure of popularity upon the stage. They are illustrated by photographs of various scenes with the groups of actors who played in them, which will gratify the collectors of such theatrical souvenirs.

Next week Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish "The Struggle for a Free Stage in London," by Watson Nicholson, an instructor in English at Yale. The book gives the history of the theatrical monopoly which reigned in London until 1843, and has lessons for the present day.

The Early English Drama Society announces that it has under collation all the plays that were included in its first six volumes without such treatment, and that future issues will in all cases be compared with the original texts or photographic copies. The society will also issue as an extra volume to its first series the recently recovered plays, "Wealth and Health" and "Impatient Poverty," with other matter of interest.

Music.

THE SAINT-SAËNS CONCERT.

It had been arranged that M. Saint-Saëns should make his American début in Boston; a temporary indisposition, however, made necessary a rearrangement of dates, and thus the honor of welcoming France's greatest composer fell to New York. He was announced for two appearances with the New York Symphony Orchestra, last Saturday and Sunday; but the demand for tickets was so great that two extra concerts, with Saint-Saëns programmes exclusively, were scheduled for November 15 and 18. He was welcomed to Carnegie Hall with a cordiality that contrasted sharply with the coldly polite greeting accorded last season to another French composer, Vincent d'Indy, who represents the Parisian branch of the modern school of cacophony. Unlike D'Indy, Saint-Saëns believes in using dissonance as a means, and not as an end, and the musical public is certainly with him.

With his fresh and abundant melody, his piquant harmonies, his sparkling rhythms, his polish, and his never-failing musical *esprit*, Saint-Saëns represents the true French spirit in music—the spirit of Auber, Berlioz, Bizet, and Gounod. The pieces which he played, and which were new to New York concert-goers—his "Africa" fantasia, an "Allegro Appassionata," and a "Valse Caprice," oddly entitled "Wedding Cake" (perhaps because of its delicate rhythmic "frosting")—were all unmistakably French. They sounded amazingly juvenile for a composer who has passed his seventy-first birthday; indeed, Saint-Saëns is still what he was called twelve years ago, *ce jeune maître*. The sparkle of youth is in his playing, as well as in his eyes and his music. His playing perhaps resembles that of Mr. Joseffy more than that of any other pianist known here; it has the same

dainty charm, clearness, and elegance without being in the least cold; the same subtle accents and tints; and when he plays his own pieces there is the super-added charm of being in direct communion with one of the greatest masters of our time.

M. Saint-Saëns will give an organ recital in Brooklyn on December 3, either at the Plymouth Church or the Baptist Temple. He was organist for nearly twenty years at the Madeleine in Paris. While in that position he composed an immense amount of music for the organ, especially for the church festivals, but all these compositions, which are said to include some of his most inspired work, lie buried in the library of the Madeleine. They belong to the church, according to the organist's contract, and will be published only after Saint-Saëns's death.

Modern Music and Musicians. By R. A. Streatfeild. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.75.

Mr. Streatfeild uses the word "modern" in a very comprehensive sense, inasmuch as his book begins with chapters on Palestrina, who was born in 1514, and Bach and Handel, who were born in 1685. He was led to undertake the book, he says, by the hope of being able to trace, in a study of the works of the great composers, the growth of the idea of a poetic basis in music, and he hopes that this will tempt some one else to write a complete history of programme music. He believes that music is not a mere science, such as the advocates of absolute music would have it, but that it is a means of expressing human emotion as definite and incisive as any of its sister arts. After this preamble one is rather surprised to find so little about programme music in the volume. That, however, we do not note as a fault. As a matter of fact the subject of programme music has received, in recent years, rather more than its share of attention.

There is a good deal that is insular in Mr. Streatfeild. To him Handel is the Shakespeare of music, and he has the usual English aversion to deep musical emotion apart from the religious sphere. One reads with mingled amusement and weariness that "over all Chopin's music lies the deadly trail of disease," and that Tchaikovsky "sinks to morbid pessimism, he rises to hysteria." In his remarks on two English idols—Purcell and Mendelssohn—our author shows, on the other hand, a surprising degree of emancipation from insular prejudices. He often feels sorry "for earnest students who, after reading the glowing eulogies showered upon Purcell by historians, turn to his works and find in them so much that is puerile, ineffective, and absurd that they give up the composer and his eulogists, bag and baggage, as a set of humbugs." Purcell's strong and weak points are judiciously balanced by the writer. He has the courage not only to say of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" that the music is "often arid and expressionless, and not unfrequently suggests the laborious scholar, rather than the inspired musician"; but that dramatic oratorio, in spite of "Elijah," remains "a hybrid and unsatisfactory form of art."

Other opinions of Mr. Streatfeild that will make some nod assent, others dissent

violently, are that "Gluck's achievements as a reformer have been overestimated"; that "Wagner was great, not because of his theories, but in spite of them"; that at the present moment "Italy is the only country in which opera is a living force." Concerning this last sentiment may we gently suggest to the author that there is more real genius in the "Shamus O'Brien" of the Irishman, Charles Villiers Stanford, than in all the combined operas of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Puccini, none of whom reaches even to the knees of Verdi, Italy's last great master.

Puccini's opera, "Madama Butterfly," will have its first New York performance, in English, at the Garden Theatre on November 12.

A monumental life of Chopin is being prepared by Ferdinand Hoesick. The first volume, of 881 pages, is out in Polish, and is being translated into German, French, and English. It is said to contain not only new and interesting details, but corrections of numerous errors in previous books on Chopin.

Wilhelm Tappert has brought out a new edition of his "Erlking" brochure. It contains a list of settings of Goethe's great ballad by seventy different composers, together with critical comments (Berlin: Albert Stahl).

Art.

TREASURES FROM THE ARTEMISIUM AT EPHEBUS.

LONDON, October 31.

Archæologists who are looking forward to a complete account of the latest finds in the Artemisium of Ephesus during last winter will have to wait until spring, when D. G. Hogarth's official work on the temple is published by the British Museum. The objects themselves are all destined for the museum at Constantinople, where, unfortunately, only a limited number of scholars will find them within reach.

Mr. Hogarth has been fortunate enough to discover one of the most valuable pockets of antiquarian treasure which have yet come to light, whether artistic, archæological, or contributory to the history of religion. Although much has been unearthed of various dates in the great temple, the present treasure includes approximately 4,000 objects, which must be attributed to dates roughly comprised between 700 B. C. and 600 B. C.; that is, they antedate the time of Cræsus. The only considerable exception to this limit of antiquity must be made in the case of the coins, many of which run to remoter periods, and, probably, antedate any known existing coins. Some must certainly be attributed to the eighth century before Christ. Among them are mere lumps of metal without any impression or mark of stamp. Others, very archaic, are imprinted with four characters, Digamma, Alpha, Lambda, Digamma—which have been interpreted as the first four letters of the name of King Alyates, supposing that his name had been spelled with two digammas as the first and fourth letters, which subsequently dropped out. But as there is no other evidence that his name

was thus spelled, the matter must remain pure conjecture.

The Artemisium excavated last year is not the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, which was the scene of the exploits of Demetrius and the silversmiths. That was a much later temple, the seat of a more decadent form of worship. The most interesting, if intrinsically less valuable, portion of the find, to many will be the rude terracotta figures of Artemis, of which there are several examples. She is nowhere represented as the luxuriant many-breasted figure of later date. Her form is straight, stiff, but not ungainly. Sometimes, and these figures are the most archaic of all, she has an infant in her arms in an attitude strongly recalling many representations of the Madonna and Child. In this connection it is worth while to recall that probably the worship of motherhood was a legacy transmitted from prehistoric times to Christianity in this very city of Ephesus. It was at Ephesus that the Council of the Church was held which condemned Nestorius and raised the worship of the mother of Christ into a Catholic rite. It was said that the passionate devotion of the populace to the sanctity of the Virgin largely contributed to the decision of the council.

Other figures of Artemis show her accompanied by two images, or one, of her sacred bird, the hawk. Sometimes, as in an exquisite tablet, she is shown winged, with a lion suspended by the tail in each hand. The hawk is probably the most ancient and most frequent of her emblems, appearing in the most curious disguises. There is one extremely rude, squat figure, absolutely novel, painted black, with yellow spots, only recognizable as a bird or hawk by its eyes and hooked beak. In others, minutely finished in silver or gold, the hawk comes to resemble so nearly an owl or an eagle that only its association with Artemis enables one to recognize it.

When on exhibition, the objects will probably be classified by their materials: jewels and crystals, amber and beads, bone and ivory, bronzes, articles made with gold, silver, and electrum. This latter compound raises an interesting question as to how it came to be used. It might well be an intentional amalgam of gold and silver, but for various reasons it seems probable that the Ionians found it in a raw state and so used it. Pliny speaks of a natural mixture of gold and silver being found in the Hermus sands. Another circumstance which confirms this view is that the objects made of electrum show all variations of the compound, but with the gold largely predominating. It is improbable that this would have been the case if any artificial alloys of the metals had been used, which must necessarily have conformed to some standards as a mere affair of habit.

But as a matter of description it is perhaps simpler to adopt another classification in accordance with the purpose of the offerings or their character rather than with their material or value. The primary interest attaches, as mentioned above, to the representations of Artemis herself, of which there are surprisingly few, and those of a character which indicate an elevated religious feeling. Her attributes and accompanying emblems are far more common. There are innumerable

hawks in gold, silver, bronze, stamped in relief, or carved in the round. Almost more frequent still is her bee—the *melissa*—which appears again symbolically everywhere. An elaborately worked bee is one of the most beautiful of the gold jewels. The bee's body and wings are the basis, too, of many stereotyped patterns and ornaments.

Besides these especial emblems, there are various animals which by their style and shape connect Ionian art with the civilizations of which it was the common meeting-place. There are Egyptian scarabs and sphinxes; Persian sphinxes; a lion passant with a strong Assyrian character. Harpies, too, are frequent. There is a peculiar couching boar; also a rough sketch of a calf, which strongly recalls in shape some of the latest finds made by Mr. Bosanquet at Sparta. Add some frogs and sheep, but curiously enough no cows or horses.

Next to the goddess and her emblems come in the range of interest, though hardly in artistic merit, the various *ex voto* offerings. It takes one with a jump from Ephesus to Lourdes, over 2,500 years, to see a pathetic pair of hands and arms beaten in thin gold and joined above so that they resemble a delicate pair of sugar tongs. Yet this represents, perhaps, a cure of leprosy or some curious wound on both arms. There are thin plates of gold just distinguishable as eyes or ears; legs, feet, and hands in plenty.

Among objects once in use the largest is a three-wicked marble lamp. There are bronze bowls, knives, ivory knife handles, musical pipes, and some large cowries, which may have been currency or mere necklace ornaments like beads. There is a large and important set of *astragali*, the earliest form of dice. They are mostly carved in bone and ivory, and are of all shapes, from mere knucklebones to elaborately carved ivories, studded with gold and amber, resembling nothing so much as two draughts joined at one edge. The *astragali*, with differing sides, were thrown by the petitioner to the goddess in order to ascertain by their fall whether his prayer would be granted or not. In connection with the *astragali* there are some mysterious circular rock crystal disks with fluted edges, which may be of this character, except that they were always found singly, and no one could fit another exactly. Another explanation may be that they were worn as buttons on some ceremonial dress, but their purpose cannot as yet be exactly determined.

The kernel of the treasure is, of course, the abundant stock of personal ornaments mostly made of the precious metals, but some also of bronze and lead. There are more than a thousand of these made of gold and electrum alone, with a small quantity of silver. They range from heavy bracelets, chains, *fibula*, and earrings down to the most minute trinkets. There is a wonderful collection of repoussé gold plates, evidently intended to be sewn on dress materials. Some patterns which are of the purest design and highest artistic value are multiplied to serve the purpose of embroidery on a very rich dress. On the repoussé work and especially on the *fibula* is repeated the *melissa* pattern, and also, though not so frequently, that of the *labrys*, or double axe, which played so large

a part in the Cretan discoveries. The *fibulae* and earrings predominate among the gold jewels, and next to them come a large number of hair ornaments, some obviously hairpins, but others of a more mysterious shape. Probably no woman could now compass their use, but their appearance suggests that a single lock was placed within them and given a double twist, to keep it apart from the rest of the hair.

The hypothesis as to the vast number of precious ornaments is that they were devoted by pious worshippers to the personal use of the goddess. They were found segregated from the other and more bulky part of the treasure in the very centre of the temple site, buried within a small rectangular space, which was situated at the crossing place of the two long halls forming the building. Evidently this must have been the base of the statue of the goddess herself, and this rather naïve devotion of material wealth to her tends to confirm the early date of the find and the value of the objects.

The presence of the large number of coins and the tendency of some of the inscriptions, which are, however, at present conjectural, lead one also to suppose that the temple at this early date or perhaps later served some secular purpose as a treasury or even as a mint; but whether or not, we must wait for Mr. Gude's book to explain to us.

Frits Thaulow, whose death at Volendam, Holland, was announced this week, was the first Norwegian painter of modern times to receive international recognition. He was born in 1847 at Christiania, studied with Soerensen at Copenhagen, and with Gude at Karlsruhe, but his painting was chiefly influenced by the example of the French impressionists, whose mode of vision, if not technical method, he fully adopted. In the representation of snow scenes and of frozen rivers he was remarkable. For more than twenty years past he had been settled at Paris, making occasional visits to this country, where in particular he painted some pictures of the steel foundries at Pittsburgh. In his later years, owing to over-production, the pressure of dealers, and removal from his home scenes, his painting lost much of its vitality and charm. Honors and prizes of all sorts were showered upon him; and while by no means a great artist, he is likely to be remembered as a cunning practitioner in landscape.

The Watts Memorial Gallery has recently been opened at the artist's country home at Limhershlease. Among the important works to be seen there are "Progress," "Paolo and Francesca," "Godiva," "The Slumber of the Ages," "Green Summer," "Diana and Endymion," and portraits of Walter Crane, Joachim, Swinburne, Meredith, Mrs. Langtry, and others. There are also many drawings and studies; and when the sculpture gallery is completed, the models of the artist's statue "Physical Energy," his statue of Tennyson at Lincoln, and the tomb of the Bishop of Lichfield will be placed on view.

A new portrait, presumably of Charlotte Brontë, acquired by the National Portrait Gallery of London, has provoked a sharp controversy. This portrait was attribut-

ed to Paul Heger, who was acquainted with Miss Brontë about 1844 in Brussels. This attribution has now been upset by a letter from Heger's son, who says that neither he nor his father was either painter or draughtsman. Nor can the dates involved be made to fit by five or six years.

The exhibition of works of art of the eighteenth century at the Bibliothèque Nationale comprises proofs of works by the finest English engravers of the latter half of the eighteenth century, hanging side by side with examples of French aquatint, stipple, and rare engravings printed in color. As lack of space made it impossible to exhibit oil paintings to show the sources of the inspiration of the engravers, a collection of miniatures and gouaches is exhibited for the same purpose. To these are added medals and "biscuits de Sèvres," a collection containing more than a thousand examples.

M. S. Prichard writes correcting an inadvertence in the editorial, "Museum Extension in Schools," in our issue of November 1. He was never "acting-director" of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but had been assistant director, and was bursar at the time of his resignation to take the secretaryship of the Committee on the Utilization of the Museum by the Schools and Colleges.

Science.

Theory of the Algebraic Functions of a Complex Variable. By J. C. Fields. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.

This is a serious and daring essay in one of the most difficult fields of modern mathematics. While the subject is primarily analytic or algebraic, its investigation has been mainly carried on since the great memoirs of Puiseux in 1854 and of Riemann in 1857 by the powerful assistance of geometric considerations. Indeed, geometric notions have dominated to such an extent in the leading developments that the student scarcely thinks of the subject in other terms; and the chief treatises, such as those of Neumann and of Appell and Goursat, are little else than expositions of the doctrine in terms of the theory of Riemann surfaces. All the advantages of that fertile and illuminating method will be missed by the readers of Professor Fields's volume, for the method is purely algebraic. This mode of treatment is undoubtedly legitimate, and may have certain purely logical advantages of its own, but it will hardly win the approval of that larger mathematical constituency that Klein and Poincaré have called intuitionists. At all events, the author should not, we think, have failed to indicate explicitly the connections of his own exposition with the masterful geometric treatises of his predecessors.

Not only is Professor Fields's method purely algebraic, but it aims at perfect generality; that is, it undertakes to give a theory for any algebraic equation whatever, reducible or irreducible, no matter how complicated the singularities and no matter what its character at infinity. Here surely is an impressive programme, and

at many points it is well performed. The summit of the steep ascent is reached in chapter xii., where we encounter the commanding "complementary theorem": the number of arbitrary constants involved in the expression of the most general rational function constructed on a given basis of coincidences, added to half the sum of the orders of the coincidences explicitly required by the basis, is equal to the like number constructed with reference to the complementary basis. From the eminence here attained one is permitted to behold readily a variety of classic propositions that have hitherto been found only by difficult and circuitous paths. In this service is found, we think, the chief claim of the work to distinction; for the propositions thus disclosed to view are such as the Riemann-Roch theorem, the reciprocity theorem of Brill and Nöther, the so-called gap theorem of Weierstrass, and the related theorem of Hurwitz.

The volume contains an excellent table of contents, but no index. The page is a delight to the eye. In the interest, however, of accentuation and convenience, important theorems should have been set apart and italicised.

While opinions may differ as to the need of more such books, it must be admitted that the "Manual of Anatomy" (vol. 1: Osteology; Upper Limb; Lower Limb) prepared by Prof. A. M. Buchanan of Anderson's College, Glasgow (Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.), is an eminently practical book, convenient in form and beautifully printed. The illustrations are numerous and for the most part clear and helpful, the judicious use of color playing no inconsiderable part. The text is clear and concise, with constant attention to the demands of the dissecting room and the training of the surgeon, the rational treatment of topographical matters being particularly commendable. On the other hand it is to be regretted that varieties and abnormalities are not noted more fully, and that the more important questions of comparative anatomy are not brought to the notice of the student. The index is liberal, but contains no mention of the ligament of Poupart.

For the use of schools, Little, Brown & Co. have published an "Atlas of Physiology and Anatomy of the Human Body," made up of nine figures, each consisting of a number of leaves, or layers, to show the parts as they appear when the region or organ is dissected. A very brief descriptive text has been supplied by Dr. A. M. Amadon. Such a book may be helpful to students when a manikin or good models are not accessible, but it must be used cautiously, as some of the figures are difficult to understand, or are actually wrong, as, for example, the relation of the liver to the duodenum, on the fifth leaf of the first plate. The appearance of the skeleton on the third leaf is very unsatisfactory, and the textual statement (p. 31) that the vagus supplies "the heart with motion" is bad for the beginner, even though his teacher be a "neurogenist."

With the title "Tuberculosis, its Origin and Extinction" (The Macmillan Co.), Dr. W. Pickett Turner has printed an enlargement of a lecture given by him on this sub-

ject. His theories are novel, but the evidence presented is far too fragmentary and inconclusive to appeal very strongly to those who are familiar with the questions involved. Dr. Turner's contention is briefly that the extinction of tuberculosis is to be brought about by actinism, i. e., by the action of the ultra-violet rays which are supposed to penetrate the body and affect the bacteria either directly or indirectly.

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of the Harvard gymnasium has given much valuable information upon physical training in his book of that title. (Boston: Ginn & Co.). Reasons for exercise are many and varied, and the value of almost every kind is set forth clearly. There is much of interest in the volume.

"Farm Animals," by E. V. Wilcox (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is a practical book for general farm use, judiciously arranged for the largest helpfulness to the largest number of readers. It does not furnish essays on any one animal, nor does it give anything like complete information on any single topic; that is, it will not make a good dairyman or a good shepherd, nor will it cover all the needs of a stableman. It is rather an excellent compend of general information about the horse, the mule, beef cattle, dairy cows, pigs, sheep, goats, and poultry. The chapter on dairy stock is the best in the book, but every chapter is good. The illustrations have the advantage of being well related to the subject. Every part of the discussion is brought down to date, and nothing is admitted which has not passed scrutiny at our agricultural experiment stations.

A new feature of the New York Botanical Garden will be an economic patch, devoted to specimens of growing plants which are of practical use to man. A great many economic plants have already been brought together in the conservatories, but these are, naturally, from warm or tropical regions, and the new collection is intended to show such as are hardy in this latitude. Planting will be begun very soon, and will be continued next spring. Following the classification of the plant products in the economic museum, the groups of the species grown here will consist of food, drug, and fibre plants, and those yielding miscellaneous products used in arts, sciences, and industries.

The chemical industry in Germany is the principal subject treated in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number nine. The facts are taken from the returns of the census of 1895, the main purpose of the author, Dr. W. Dall, being to show the geographical distribution of the industry throughout the Empire. Some details are given of a few of the works, and from the accompanying map we learn that the largest number, 12,000 hands, are employed at Ludwigs-hafen, in Baden, where are the greatest aniline and soda factories in the world, and where artificial indigo was first put upon the market. N. A. Busch describes a journey through the northern Caucasus region for the purpose of studying its botany, especially that of the Alpenzones.

Sir David Gill, who has been His Majesty's astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope since 1879, has offered his resignation, to take effect next February.

Finance.

SNATCHING CONTROL OF RAILWAYS.

The ousting of Stuyvesant Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central Railway, this week, by vote of his own directors acting in the interest of E. H. Harriman, has again directed attention to the effort of powerful financiers to increase, by hook or crook, the number of railways under their personal control. This movement reached remarkable proportions at the time of the excited financial "boom" at the opening of 1901. During two or three successive months, such announcements were made as the purchase of the \$101,000,000 Southern Pacific Railway, by the Union Pacific; of the \$98,000,000 Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy, by the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern; and of the \$27,000,000 New Jersey Central, by the Reading. All of these purchases, some of them made in open market at extravagant prices, were paid for with proceeds of bonds, issued by the purchasing companies and sold to the eager investing public. The "game of grab," as it was called even then, culminated in the famous fight between Union Pacific and Great Northern for control of the Northern Pacific's \$80,000,000 stock. The movement came to an end when the markets broke down in May, 1901, under the load of new securities.

Efforts of the same sort were renewed when the Stock Exchange got its breath again. Shares of half a dozen great railways were bid up to unheard-of figures by capitalists trying to get control in open market. In 1902 a band of stock-jobbing adventurers started in to buy up, with borrowed money, shares of some of the few independent railways. These people thus secured possession of the \$10,000,000 Chicago, Indianapolis, and Louisville, and of the \$52,000,000 Louisville and Nashville. They could not have kept their purchase; but their object was to force banking interests, connected with rival railways, to take over the stock at a still higher figure, rather than risk demoralizing competition in rates. The blackmailed bankers meekly paid the price, and issued bonds of their own railway companies to raise the money.

To this kind of performance the financial collapse of 1903—the "rich men's panic"—put an end; and it was two years before the talk of "buying up other railways" was heard again in Wall Street. But with the country's recent great prosperity, and the revival of daring speculation, on the part both of the public and of the railway millionaires, the attempt to capture independent railways was resumed. The achievement was not so easy as in 1902, however, and for several reasons. Resources of capital had been so overstrained by heavy trade and extensive speculation that new bonds could not find a ready market; such operations as those of 1901 were therefore too dangerous. Again, the Wall Street millionaires who arranged the "railway deals" of 1901 had the surplus of life insurance companies placed at their disposal, to guarantee the undertakings. This was no longer possible after the Armstrong investigation. Finally, owners of the independent roads had in the interim fortified their own position, and with many of

them, control could not be bought at any price.

The Illinois Central episode shows what expedients were at the last adopted in the "game of grab." E. H. Harriman of the Union Pacific wanted the road—partly for a southern outlet from his own lines; partly, so Wall Street inferred, because Stuyvesant Fish had, as chairman of the Mutual Life trustees' investigating committee, pushed his inquiries uncomfortably close to certain large capitalists on the board. His investigation was blocked by President Peabody of the Mutual, but the incident was not forgotten. Harriman was unable to buy up Illinois Central stock; it was too securely lodged with real investors. After attempting unsuccessfully to obtain control without purchase—through organizing a "holding company" in which Illinois Central shareholders were invited to place their stock—Harriman secretly organized a revolt against Mr. Fish in his own board of directors.

By what means he prevailed, it is not easy to say; but on Wednesday of this week, at a "snap" meeting of the board, called when one of Mr. Fish's supporters was ill and another likely to be kept away by political engagements, the directors voted to unseat Mr. Fish in favor of a tool of Harriman. Among the directors working and voting against Mr. Fish was Charles A. Peabody, president of the Mutual Life, who had refused to put Mr. Fish's inquiries to the trustees, who is a director in Harriman's Union Pacific Railway, and who has lately won distinction for his letter threatening those agents of his insurance company who did not support the administration ticket.

This particular "railway capture" has been marked, in a quite unusual degree, by intrigue and treachery. It also provides an instance where one of the few remaining independent railways has been seized without the annoying preliminary of buying it. The incident is in this respect suggestive. The orgie of railway speculation in the seventies came to a climax by very much such methods; but they marked its approaching end.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Bein, John, Jr. Cigarettes in Fact and Fancy. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Bibliography of Folk-Lore, 1905. London: David Nutt.
Book-Prices Current. London: Elliot Stock.
Conferences on the Moral Philosophy of Medicine. Reiman Co.
Dietzen, Joseph. The Positive Outcome of Philosophy. Translated by Ernest Untermann. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Dix, William Frederick. The Face in the Grandole. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2 net.
Dodge, Henry Irving. The Hat and the Man. G. W. Dillingham Co.
Dole, Charles Fletcher. The Hope of Immortality. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.
Donnell, Annie Hamilton. The Very Small Person. Harpers. \$1.25.
Feuilletons Choisis. Edited by Cloudestley Brereton. Henry Browde.
Forbes-Andray, C. H. Panama. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. \$1 net.
Franklin, Benjamin. The Writings of. Edited by Albert Henry Smyth. Vols. VII. and IX. Macmillan Co. \$3 net per vol.
Frenssen, Gustav. Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest. Lemcke & Buechner.
Greenleaf, Sue. Don Miguel Lehumada. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Gubernatis, Angelo de. Ecrivains du Monde Latin. Sixth livraison. Rome.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XVII. Cambridge, Mass.
Hudson, William Cadwalader. J. P. Dunbar. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Hull, Eleanor. A Text-Book of Irish Literature. Part I. London: David Nutt. 3s. net.
Johnson, Burgess. Beastly Rhymes. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 net.
Kidd, Dudley. Savage Childhood. Macmillan Co. \$3.50.
Lewis, Alfred Henry. Confessions of a Detective. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

Moore, T. Sturge. Correggio. Imported by Scribners. \$2 net.
 Munson, John W. Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2 net.
 Nicholson, J. S. The Relations of Rents, Wages, and Profits in Agriculture. Imported by Scribners. \$1.
 Pendegrast, William A. Credit and Its Uses. Appleton. \$1.50 net.
 Perkins, Lucy Fitch. The Goose Girl. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
 Politovsky, Eugene S. From Libau to Tsushima. Translated by F. R. Godfrey. Dutton. \$1.50 net.
 Riley, Alice C. D. The Wistful Boat. Boston:

H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.
 Rivers, W. H. R. The Todas. Macmillan Co. 21s. net.
 Ross, Minnie S. C. Around the Mediterranean. Grafton Press.
 Russell, George W. E. Social Silhouettes. Dutton. \$3 net.
 Sanderson, Edgar. Great Britain in Modern Africa. Imported by Scribners. \$1.75 net.
 Selections from the Sahih of Al-Buhari. Edited by Charles C. Torrey. Leiden: E. J. Brill.
 Sentence Analysis. Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d.
 Seymour, Frederick H. A. Saunterings in Spain. Dutton. \$3 net.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. William Blake. Dutton. \$2 net.
 Talbot, Ellen Bliss. The Fundamental Principles of Fichte's Philosophy. Macmillan Co.
 Talbot, Ethelbert. My People of the Plains. Harpers. \$1.75 net.
 Van Nyevelt, Baroness Suzette Van Zuylen. Court Life in the Dutch Republic. Dutton. \$4 net.
 Wells, H. G. The Future of America. Harpers. \$2 net.
 Wheeler, Charles Kirkland. Hundredth Century Philosophy. Boston: Press of James H. West Co.
 Wheeler, Ethel R. Behind the Veil. London: David Nutt.

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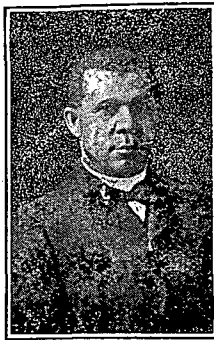
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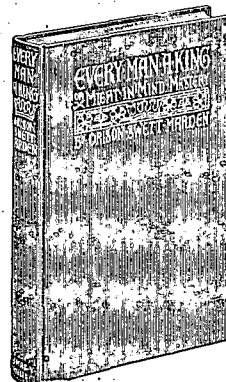
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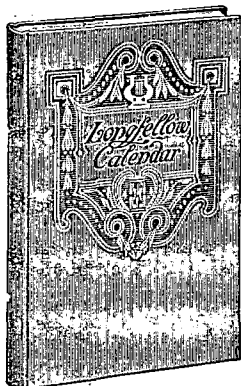
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